PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND £2.50

MEN ONLY BUMPER SEX ANNUAL 1992

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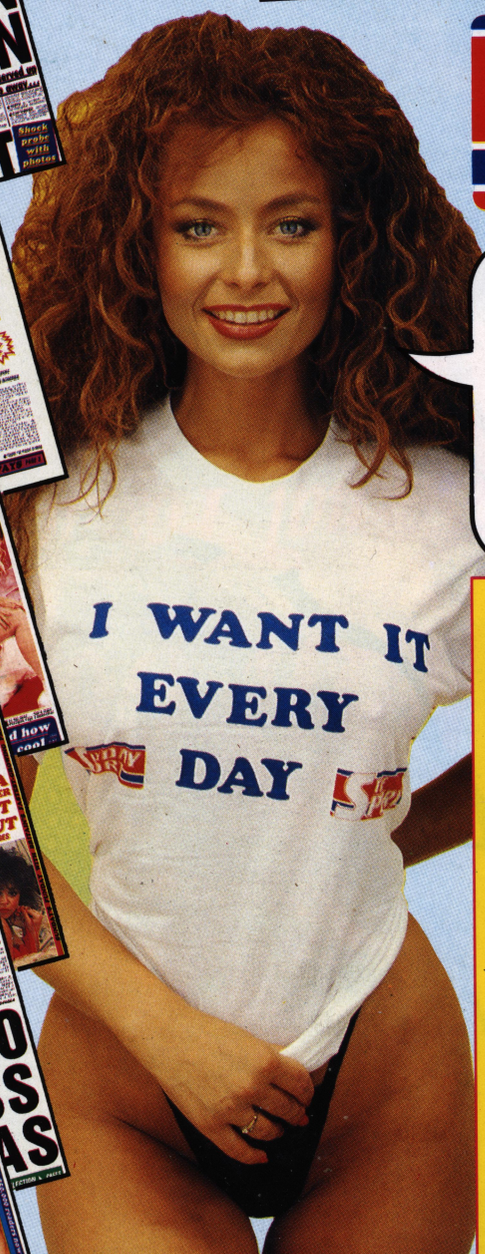

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Publisher *Paul Raymond;* **Chief Executive & Legal Adviser** *Carl Snitcher;* **Editorial Direction** *Nevile Player, Debbie Raymond, Stephen Bleach, Diana Chandler & Robert Swift;* **Art Direction** *Ian Midson, Jane Holbrey, Rowan Grant, Andrew Holland, Rod Edwards & Pete Ridley;* **Production** *Karen Malcherczyk & Richard Guy;* **Advertisement Director** *James Macleod*

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer St., London W1V 7HE. (Tel: 071-734 9191). Printed by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £2.50, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: M.D. Sharrock, 39 Rue Serpentine, 1050 Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office. N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex. Published annually – 1991.

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GRIPPING YARNS

Bullshit In The Balkans

The blueprints for the coal-powered mobile army field toilets (officer class) are missing! Dashing detective ***Bullshit Doggend*** *thinks it stinks of Volga Balkans. Let's hope he clears it up before we're all in the shit...*

Bullshit Doggend, gentleman sleuth, strode purposefully down Lower Shorts Street, Westminster. He was newly returned from the Highlands where he had single-handedly solved the mystery of Lord Sassenach's swollen haggises. On his return to the metropolis he had found a letter waiting for him. The missive asked him to report immediately to the Head of British Intelligence. The envelope was marked: *Urgent, Top Secret* and *Jolly Well Hurry Up And Get On With It Man.*

Before the days of MI5, MI6 and the M25 motorway, the centre of British espionage was *Frotters*, a gentlemen's club tucked discreetly amidst the Regency splendour of London's Pall Mall. Bullshit Doggend paused for a moment outside the building's elegant facade, noting the carved motto above the door: *Piscean Peculiaris Junicus Foreignatum Est,* which roughly translated means *Johnny Foreigner Is A Strange Fish.* He walked into the club, handed his toupee and tweed Ulster to Scabies, the hall porter, strode briskly through the reading room where judges and senior civil servants were furtively scanning the underwear section of the Gratton's Catalogue, passed the dinning hall, in which politicians sat in high chairs being spoon fed spotted dick and custard by waitresses dressed in nannies uniforms, and up to a door marked only with the darkly enigmatic legend 'P'.

'P' was the codename of Sir Claude Bollox, Head of British Intelligence. Bullshit knocked on the burnished panel and waited until a gruff aristocratic voice bade him enter. Sir Claude was busy firing a blow pipe at a picture of Vlad the Impaler.

"Take that you leftie bounder!" he bellowed as a poisoned dart struck the 15th Century Rumanian tyrant on the end of the nose.

Bullshit cleared his throat. "You wanted to see me, 'P'?"

Sir Claude shook his head. "I most certainly do not. You must be thinking of Bertie Woofter at the F.O. Hanging around in public toilets is his department."

Bullshit Doggend stroked the firm outline of his jaw thoughtfully. Head of Intelligence was not quite the right title for Sir Claude. Head of Pigshit would be more accurate. "I got a message that you wanted to give me an assignment, Sir."

Sir Claude picked a meerschaum pipe from a stand on his desk and lit it ruminatively. "Ah yes. Remember now. Look, Doggybag..."

"Doggend, Sir."

Sir Claude shook his head. "No thank you. Can't you see I'm smoking a pipe? Never touch cigarettes, and if I did I wouldn't take someone's butt..."

His lecture was interrupted by the appearance in the doorway of his secretary, Miss Fanny Feast. "Sorry to bother you. I wondered if you wanted a tea, 'P'?"

"Not at the moment, Feast." Sir Claude snapped. When the door closed he leant forward and whispered to Bullshit. "Damned odd chap that Feast. Thinks he's a Red Indian. Keeps offering me his tepee. Dashed strange. And another thing about him — I've seen him going into the Ladies powder room! What d'you make of that, eh?"

Bullshit Doggend sighed. "Perhaps he's short-sighted, Sir."

The Head of Intelligence thought for a moment. "Damned smart thinking, Doggystyle," he barked eventually. "And that would explain why his chest's so swollen. He keeps bumping into things. Well I never! Better tell him to go to an optician, what?" Before Bullshit could answer, Sir Claude had picked up his blow-pipe and returned to firing darts at Vlad the Impaler. Minutes passed. Bullshit Doggend coughed discreetly. Sir Claude turned suddenly and the poisoned arrow he had intended for the sadistic Slav flew instead past the ear of the gentleman sleuth.

"Yes?" Sir Claude roared impatiently. "What can I do for you?"

Hours Later...

"... And when General Non-Fiction returned, the blueprints for the coal-powered mobile army field toilets (officer class) were missing," Sir Claude completed his story. "As you can imagine, Doggypaddle, if those plans aren't recovered there'll be a hell of a stink in Aldershot. Not least because of the way the General was so easily caught with his pants down. There's no doubt about it, Johnny Foreigner's really scraped the bottom this time and it won't be long before the press catch a whiff of it and splatter it all over the front page!"

Bullshit Doggend thrust out his jaw defiantly. "Not if I can help it they won't," he said sternly. "Where are the plans and who's got them, 'P'?"

Sir Claude looked grim. "We believe they're in the Bulgarian capital Sofia in the grip of that most devilish enemy agent, Sobranie Legova." At the mere mention of that name Bullshit Doggend went hot all over, and every sinew of his body stiffened. Sobranie Legova, the beautiful Russian spy, cunning, sophisticated and more expert at the squelchy business than any woman alive...

"Golly," he croaked.

Sir Claude ignored his reaction. "So that's your assignment, Bullseye."

"It's Bullshit, Sir."

"Well," Sir Claude said, "you're entitled to your opinion."

Later That Night...

In his rooms at No 1, Upper Passage, Mayfair, Bullshit Doggend outlined his plan of action to his faithful batman, Tinkler.

"So, we take up the old kite, fly over to Bulgaria. We make contact with the Yank agent, Hiram Y. Fronts, and elements of the Volga Resistance Group there..."

"Are they revolting, Sir?" interjected Tinkler.

"Well, they are foreigners, so I expect they will be a trifle unpleasant."

"And what do you think it'll be like in Sofia?"

"Warm, damp and, I dare say, that for you and I it may get a little sticky," Bullshit Doggend replied. "When we meet Hiram Y. Fronts he will lead us to Sobranie, we grab the plans, get back in the plane, and are back in Blighty in time for *Blind Date*. What d'you reckon Tinkler?"

"Cripes!" the batman answered. "That's a dashed clever ruse and no mistake. I really don't know how you come up with 'em Mr Doggend."

Bullshit Doggend allowed himself a slight smile of satisfaction.

"It's breeding, Tinkler," he remarked.

"Certainly is," Tinkler muttered. "Breedin' ridiculous."

"Take that you leftie bounder!" he bellowed as a poisoned dart struck the 15th Century Rumanian tyrant on the end of the nose.

illustrations by Adam Willis

"Hello there," cried Bullshit in response. "You are a Volga Bulgar?"

Daybreak Over Bulgaria...

As the sun rose over the Steppes, Bullshit Doggend brought the Seckswith Camel bi-plane down onto the water meadows which lie alongside the River Volga. As the plane taxied to a halt a rough hewn peasant emerged from the woods and hailed our heroes.

"Hello there," cried Bullshit in response. "You are a Volga Bulgar?"

"And you are a fuckin' rude asshole," the peasant replied in a distinct Texan twang. A smile split the man's swarthy face. "Hiya Bullshit. Welcome to Bulgaria." It was Hiram Y. Fronts.

The American drove Bullshit Doggend and Tinkler into Sofia and dropped them off at the Hotelski Twoway Mirrorski, arranging to meet them later that night. As they waited to check in, Bullshit and Tinkler found that a number of the locals were urinating on them from a balcony.

"I don't like it, Tinkler," Bullshit said, raising his umbrella. "I get the distinct impression we're being made a convenience of."

"Strewth!" snapped Tinkler angrily. "You think that Yank might be an enemy agent, or a double agent, Sir?"

"I think he's something far worse than that Tinkler," Bullshit Doggend replied, his lips twisting contemptuously. "He's an estate agent, and I dare say the recent escalating spiral in Balkans property prices has proved just a little too tempting for Comrade Fronts."

At that moment an elegantly dressed woman walked into the hotel lobby and began questioning the receptionist. Bullshit narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"There's something familiar about the way that lady rolls her Rs," he said.

"Well, Sir," Tinkler replied. "You certainly wouldn't forget a bum like that one in a hurry."

Bullshit snapped his fingers decisively. "There's no time to lose, Tinkler. Go over to that public lavatory. Enter it. Go into one of the cubicles and flush yourself down the toilet. The sewage pipes come out on the Volga near where our plane is hidden. Fly past the roof of this hotel at 8 pm tonight. I'll be there. If I'm not, then forget about me and get back to Blighty. There's no sense in the pair of us going under."

He patted the canny little batman affectionately on the shoulder.

"Au revoir, Tinkler," he said as the faithful servant scuttled into the Gents. "I just hope it's not too stiff a one for you to handle."

"So, Mrrrr Bullshit Doggend, we meet again." The gentleman sleuth turned to face the speaker. Sobranie Legova smiled sardonically and breathed a cloud of blue smoke from the cigarette that drooped elegantly from her dark red lips. Doggend began to sweat, his knees went weak, his tweed Oxford bags suddenly felt several sizes too small in the pocket department.

"Now, Mrrrr Secrrret agent, are you going to come quietly?" Legova whispered. A jet of steam shot out of Bullshit's left ear.

"GGGG-osh!" he squeaked. "I'll certainly do my best."

Moments Later...

In the penthouse suite of the Hotelski Twoway Mirrorski, Bullshit Doggend was strapped to the head of a king-size waterbed. Sobranie Legova and her assistant, the Oriental criminal mastermind Nim Fo, stared down at him.

"Arrrre these what you werrrre looking forrr, Mrrr Bullshit Doggend?" Sobranie murmured as she peeled down a silk stocking to reveal the stolen blueprints tied to her thighs.

Bullshit nodded. Sobranie chuckled and slowly removed the plans, revealing as she did the smooth, white perfection of her legs. "Well, Secrrret agent, perrrhaps we can do a little swop." She began to unbutton her blouse.

"Stop it, you foreign fiend," Bullshit snarled. "I am a British gentleman, and I demand to be treated as such!"

"Verrrry well," Sobranie sighed. "Nim Fo, brrrring the stewed prunes and the cod liver oil. Now Doggend minor I believe you have not done your Latin prrrrep. You rrrrreally are a very naughty boy..."

"Golly!" squealed Bullshit. "This is more like it.

"Just one question, Matron," Doggend said as Nim Fo prepared to administer a few spoonfuls of laxative. "What time is it?"

"7.59," Nim Fo replied.

"Then there's no time to waste," Bullshit bellowed.

With a mighty straining of his powerful muscles he burst the straps that bound him, knocked Nim Fo unconscious with a right upper-cut, incapacitated Sobranie Legova with a karate chop to the pressure points, grabbed the plans, leapt onto the chandelier, swung through the skylight onto the roof, ran to the edge, jumped off and landed in the back seat of the Seckswith Camel.

"Bang on time, Tinkler!" he cried.

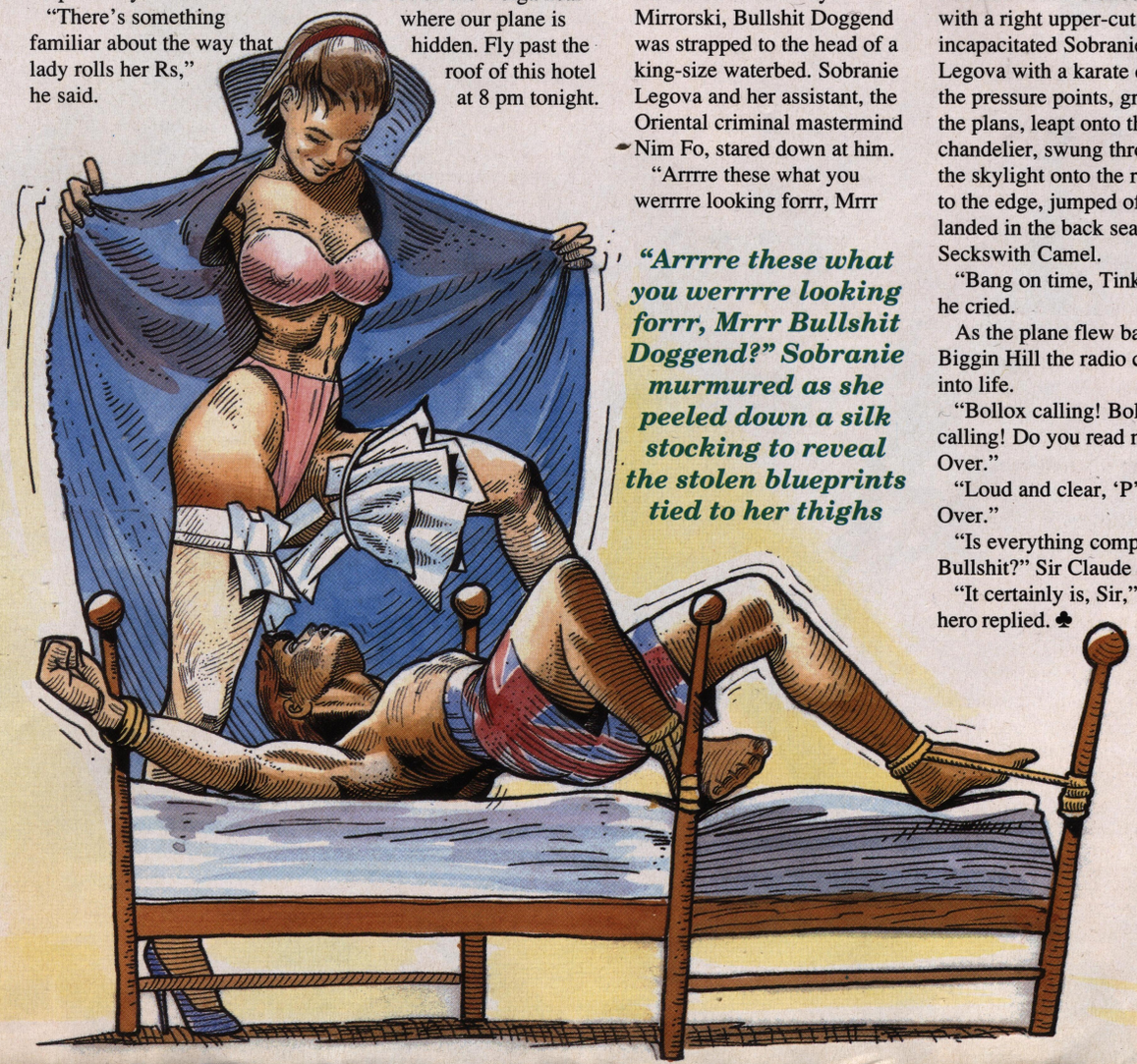
As the plane flew back to Biggin Hill the radio crackled into life.

"Bollox calling! Bollox calling! Do you read me? Over."

"Loud and clear, 'P'. Over."

"Is everything complete, Bullshit?" Sir Claude asked.

"It certainly is, Sir," our hero replied. ♣



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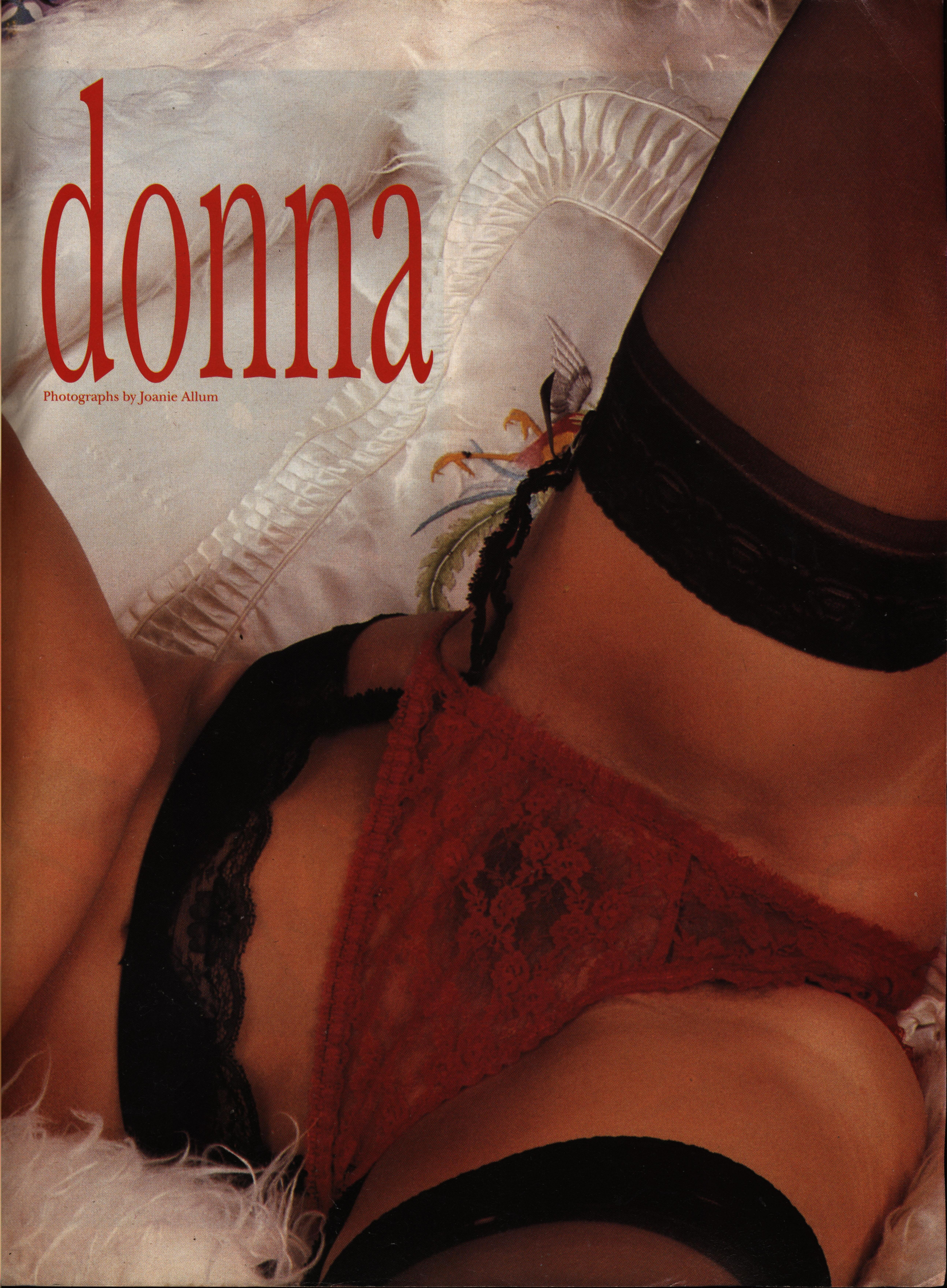

donna

Photographs by Joanie Allum

Sexy Donna was born with a big advantage: large, succulent, vacuum cleaner lips. It's impossible to exaggerate the advantages of such evident sucking power to a young woman. From her schooldays she was very much in demand. Donna sucked like no one else. She could straw her way through a bottle of Coke in nano seconds. She could vacuum those parts out of a sherbet sucker that other girls could not reach. And big, juicy, hard lollipops just melted at the sight of her. Of course, when she grew up those powers were of no interest to anyone, although we stand amazed at the speed with which she can get through a bottle of champagne (35-22-37).

THAT TENDER LUSTFUL FEELING

A good woman is hard to find at the best of times; when you're a 19-year-old virgin, she's damn near impossible to find. Or maybe you have to reach the depths of despair before you find salvation! Fiction by Howard Lake.

By my 19th summer I had reached the point of no return, and I'd decided that this year was the one. Hadn't I suffered enough already? My aching hard-on was a constant reminder of an unbusted cherry. It was the same thing day after day: the bedroom door locked while I jacked off more times than I could remember. I deposited the fruits of my lust into so much Kleenex that I was considering buying shares in the company.

Dad had done OK in business and the proceeds saw that we were comfortable enough. It hadn't helped his private life, however, and my real mum had hightailed it about five years ago, to be replaced by Sylvia, my stepmother. Sylvia was in her 40s and doing quite well on it; at that stage of womanhood where the term 'voluptuous' was the most fitting description. And, of course, with Sylvia came my stepsister, Lily; sweet but prudish, endowed with the most beautiful set of knockers I'd seen – before or since.

We were a happy enough family. Summers were spent at our house in the hills, many miles from civilisation, which was little comfort to me as no way was I going to pop my cherry when there wasn't a compliant female in a 50-mile radius – unless you counted the local barmaid who, rumour had it, was good for a quickie after closing. However, I wasn't that crazy about over-50s with no front teeth, so I decided to pass there.

I had to face it: my chances were decidedly slim. I had a bad case of jack-off elbow and nothing on the horizon. I was doomed, or so it seemed. However, sometimes you have to reach the depths of despair before you find salvation . . .

It was a Sunday morning and, as usual, I was gazing morosely out of my window, my hand beneath the sill, stroking my raging bulge, when I was disturbed from my chores by the click of the latch on the gate. Looking up, I saw a sight that almost had me coating my bed, six feet away, with enough jism to decorate a 20-tier wedding cake.

She was pure, raw, unadulterated SEX. Her hair was tar black, cascading down over her shoulders; her legs went upwards and wouldn't stop doing so even when they met the tight leather miniskirt that made the best of the curves of her arse and thighs. She wore a jacket that wasn't designed to cope with the powerful swell of her firm, thrusting tits; and her face –

the thick lush lips, the deep liquid eyes – communicated just one thing: it began with 's', ended with 'x' and possessed the middle letter 'e'.

Our new housekeeper.

Tamara, that was her name. It seemed that Sylvia had badgered my dad into taking someone on to help with the housework. Somehow I knew that with her arrival things were going to be different.

Right away Tamara had me hooked, and the bitch knew it. Scrubbing the kitchen floor on the afternoon after her arrival, her tight skirt rode up high, exposing her beautiful arse, clad in white panties so tight they stuck to her backside like glue, marking every curve and the soft bulge of her snug quim. Passing the kitchen door was exquisite torture, rapidly leading to a hasty retreat to my bedroom and my masturbation kit secreted in the wardrobe. Agony, yes, but beautiful agony.

She had been with us a week when, one night, just after my second spurt, I needed a drink. I tiptoed along the hallway to the kitchen. The house was quiet, so when I heard the sound I froze in my tracks. It was a moan, a gentle moan, coming from Tamara's room. As I stood stock still, there came another, then another. It was no good, I had to look, so I dropped to my knees and peered avidly through her keyhole.

There she was, lying on the bed, legs pressed tightly together as her fingers delved into the sticky-sweet patch of fur between her legs.

A hornier sight I had never seen – fingers delving into the sticky-sweet patch between her legs; lips closed around her quivering, erect nipple . . .

Her face was contorted with lust as she flicked her thumb over her hard-nubbed clit, anxiously seeking her climax. A hornier sight I had never seen – one hand dipping deep into her wet cunt, the other gripping her ripe left breast and tilting it upwards so she could close her lips around the quivering, erect nipple. It was an instant hard-on and my pocket-rocket almost battered down the door in excitement.

"Dale, what are you doing up at this hour?"

Sylvia – creeping up on me like a commando trained in guerilla warfare! I leapt back from the door as if it had just sprouted knives and made frantic efforts to conceal the vicious bulge in my pyjamas. As for Tamara, she wasn't letting anything come between her and her orgasm. The moans kept on coming, if anything getting louder. She was putting in a real titanic effort as her climax approached and no way could Sylvia not hear it.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"It's Tamara – I think she talks in her sleep," I said quickly, casually pretending to scratch my balls in a vain effort to realign my rock-hard pecker. Sylvia ordered me back to my bed and for once I was happy to comply. However, as I went I noticed something odd. My stepmother paused and listened at Tamara's door, hearing the moans and groans of lust. I swear that the look on her face was most certainly one of arousal. Still, it didn't help me because three minutes after I'd crawled back into my pit – yep, I'd starched the sheets again!

Next morning I woke late, choked the chicken and wandered down to the kitchen to be greeted by the sight of Lily's arse peeping out from beneath her nightgown. In my junior detective way, I realised that this was uncharacteristically immodest attire for my stepsister. So what was going on *now*?

"Beautiful morning, folks." Tamara swept into the kitchen like a horny hurricane.

Lily was bent over the washing machine. "Tamara," she wailed, "this thing's broken!"

Tamara placed a hand on her shoulder. "What's the problem?" she asked, sweetly.

"I don't have any clean undies," Lily complained. "What can I do? I can't go without!"

I watched as Tamara ran her eyes over Lily's body: 5ft.5ins, slender legs, tiny waist – and those tits. My heart near missed a beat as I saw her place a hand on one of *those* firm arse-cheeks and pat it gently. "You can borrow some of mine," she told Lily. "If you come to my room, I'll help you pick out something you like."

Lily shrugged, then nodded and followed Tamara out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Instantly, I knew what was going to happen. I had seen that look before: last night, as Tamara's fingers had caressed her pussy to ecstasy. It was lust. Clear as day. So what was I going to do? Scream outrage? No way, I was going to book a grandstand seat at the keyhole and thumb down my erection before it caused some serious damage.

Before I'd even reached the room I heard it.

"Oh yes! Right there. Lick me there, please. Lick me!"

You had to admire Tamara. She had turned Lily from a prude to a wanton tramp in the space of a few minutes. Looking through the keyhole, I realised just how wanton. Lily was straddling Tamara's face, legs spread wide as she offered her golden snatch to Tamara's greedy mouth. Tamara was eating pussy like there was no tomorrow. Her own stockinged legs were parted and she had two fingers knuckle-deep in her own wet cunt as she tongued my stepsister towards bliss. As I watched, Lily came. Really hard. Her blonde hair matted against her brow as her head snapped backwards, her mouth uttering the kind of words I didn't know she even knew as she undulated her hips harder against Tamara's face, her hands kneading her stiff-nippled jugs as she screached: "Lick me! Lick me! I'm cummm . . ."

With a final spasm, she was broken, collapsing on to Tamara, her face only inches from our housekeeper's pussy. Her tongue slithered out to tease the slippery, swollen lips and I watched in awe as my stepsister clamped her mouth over Tamara's purple-pink clit and licked her dry. For my part, I reached for my cock, squeezing it hard and begging for release . . .

"Dale!" Again my stepmother's voice blasted into my brain. I leapt back and fell in a crumpled heap at her feet. I knew I was in deep shit this time.

"Have you got a thing about keyholes, or is it a bad back?" she demanded angrily. What could I say? I felt that the truth wouldn't exactly help right now. Sylvia stared at me, then the door, putting two and two together and rapidly making five.

"Right," she said sternly, "we're going to get to the bottom of this!"

"Lily was helping me with the beds, ma'am," Tamara blatantly lied, as I goggled helplessly at the tableau of innocence that presented itself as Sylvia wrenched open the door. "Then I was going to fix some lunch," she continued. "Do you want anything special to eat?"

If Sylvia was confused, she wasn't alone. "No, no," she muttered, "I can't eat – a terrible headache."

Lily took advantage of her bafflement. "I'd best be off," she announced, trotting out of the room, throwing me a mocking smile as she passed. Tamara moved in on Sylvia, all concern.

"A headache you say?" she said. "Tension, that's the cause. You need a nice soothing massage. Get all that stress out."

Sylvia was already slipping off her shoes. "A massage?" she murmured. "Do you think it'd do the trick?"

"Without a doubt," countered the scheming Tamara. "Just make yourself comfortable and we'll soon sort it out."

My stepmother hesitated, then removed her jacket, revealing the thin white silk blouse underneath. Of all mornings, she had chosen today not to wear a bra! I saw

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continued from page 14

Tamara's eyes drop to the large nipples pressing against the sheer fabric and I knew what was on her mind. She turned to me. "Dale," she smiled, "get your mum some aspirins from the bathroom, will you? There's a good boy."

Again, I was powerless to intervene. I knew what was going to happen, but there was sod-all I could do. As I trudged towards the bathroom, I realised that what really pissed me off was that everyone was getting some except me. Christ, was I on heat! One stroke of my dick and the smoodge would be everywhere. Once in the crapper, I slumped down beside the tub and reached for the pack of smokes I'd hidden behind the linen basket for moments such as these – when life was just too much to bear.

Then I heard it: through the air vent mounted in the bathroom ceiling. Twenty-five feet of aluminium pipe made a very fine amplifier . . .

"Keep the stockings and garters on, ma'am," Tamara's honeyed voice purred. "Makes a woman feel like a woman, you know?"

"Tamara, please!" Sylvia protested. "I can undress myself, thank you very much."

Tamara wasn't easily rebuffed. "You're in lovely condition, ma'am," she said. "Such a peachy arse . . ."

"Enough! Please get on with it. This headache is murder."

The bed creaked and I wondered if she was lying face-up or face-down. The answer came with a loud smack.

"You need colour in those cheeks, ma'am." Tamara was taking control. "Spread those thighs a little so I can massage the insides. That's where the tension builds up, isn't it?"

"Tamara!" Sylvia's voice was starting to quiver. "Do you *have* to massage there?"

"Of course," Tamara insisted. "It won't be beneficial unless we sort out the source of this tension."

"Please remove your hands!" Sylvia made a last desperate effort to maintain her propriety. "I can't . . ."

Then I knew precisely where Tamara's fingers were. There was no mistaking the low moan that echoed through the vent. Too many years without sex and her resistance was failing fast. No woman could resist her clit being stroked.

"Don't pretend you don't like it," purred Tamara. "I know you do. You want it, don't you? You need it. Don't hold back, just let those feelings flow."

"Oh Lord, Tamara!" responded my stepmother. "I never knew how good it felt. Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

"I'm not going to stop." Tamara's voice was cum-drenched satin. "I'm going to carry on until you cum. My, how hard your nipples are. Do you want me to suck them?"

"Please!" groaned Sylvia. "Caress my tits. Oh God!"

"They're so big, ma'am," said Tamara. "So round and soft. Let me taste them."

More creaking of bedsprings as the pair shifted position. Tamara had pressed all the right buttons and nothing was going to stop her now. The wet sounds of sucking reverberated through the vent and travelled right through me.

"My, we're wet down there!" cooed Tamara. "Can't you feel how much you want it?"

"Stop teasing, damn you!" Sylvia's response was drenched with frustration. Again, she wasn't the only one. By now, my cock was a solid bar of meat in my shorts, and wild horses couldn't have stopped me from returning to the keyhole.

Sylvia was on her back, her thighs spread as wide as they could go. Tamara's so-called 'massage' was being conducted solely with her probing tongue, darting furiously between the dew-drenched lips of Sylvia's twat, lashing over the bud of her clit.

"I can't believe it!" gasped my stepmother. "Ooooh, it feels *soooooooo* . . ."

She walked towards me, her entire body alive and oozing sex . . . I could smell her lust and taste the juices that trickled from her.

Tamara's victory was assured and all that mattered now was when the *coup de grâce* would come. As it happened, it came sooner than expected, Sylvia's head bouncing on the pillow, her mammoth boobs dancing in rhythm as she hit her climax. She was mid-way through her orgasm when Tamara pulled another surprise, jerking her head away from Sylvia's glistening cunt and reaching under the mattress, pulling out something long, pink and made of plastic.

"Found it in your bedside drawer yesterday," she informed my stepmother. "I just couldn't resist."

With a wrench of her wrist, she slid the pink rod into Sylvia's snatch and flicked the switch, fucking her with renewed vigour. The look of ecstasy on Sylvia's face was one for the books. She bucked upwards, her back arching as any remaining inhibitions that might have been lurking were swept away as her passion exploded inside her and she went berserk with uncontrollable ecstasy, those boobs jiggling crazily as Tamara mercilessly drilled the buzzing pussy-plugger deeper and deeper into her juiced-up box. Sylvia's yells of delight filled the room as Tamara delivered the killer blow, lowering her head between Sylvia's thighs and lashing her tongue over her clit.

The last sound I heard as I trudged away from the keyhole was a single climactic scream as Sylvia came like she'd never come before. Good for her. At least *she* was happy.

And what of me, unhappy Dale? What kind of justice was it that a woman like Tamara, who seemed to be the answer to all my prayers, should turn out to be an insatiable dyke? I glanced at the huge ridge in my pants. Would I ever lose this fucking cherry? It surely didn't seem that way. I stood a better chance with the sheep on the hills than with our housekeeper . . .

There was nothing for it. I had a ball-bag seething with cum. If I didn't take instant action, the situation was going to get dangerously explosive.

I unzipped my jeans and tossed them on to the bed.

I reached under the mattress for the tube of lubricant.

I unscrewed the cap . . .

"For God's sake, Dale, don't waste it!"

Well, I nearly shit a brick. My head jerked round to see her standing against the doorframe. Tamara. Tamara wearing nothing but her stockings, garters and high heels. Tamara, her eyes fixed on the rigid cock straining in my fingers.

"You thought I'd forgotten you, is that it?"

She walked towards me, tits wobbling as she swayed, her entire body alive and oozing sex. She curled her arms around the back of my head and pulled my face into her musky crotch. I could smell her lust, taste the juices that trickled from her twat. She pulled my head higher, crushing her taut tits right into my face.

My lips parted instinctively and wrapped themselves around a fiercely-erect nipple. Woman. Real woman. Her cool fingers reached down and gently caressed the glans of my swollen-to-bursting cock.

Thirty seconds later, Tamara had finished rubbing the last drops of my sperm into her gleaming tits.

"No need to apologise," she smiled. "That was a premature ejaculation, not uncommon in boys your age. But now it's out of your system and we can start to learn the best way to do these things . . ."

As her lips closed around the tip of my fast-inflating cock, I knew that this summer was the one.

I fell back on the bed as Tamara drew a good four inches of my meat into her warm, wet mouth. Glancing down, I saw my man-size box of Kleenex beside me. I extended my hand, grasped it and threw it out of the window. I wasn't going to need *that* any more . . .

We Luv Lucy

Hi guys! This month I'm going to let you into the secrets of domestic bliss — a horny neighbour and a fresh cucumber! Let me tell you all about it...

It was one of those mornings after the night before, if you know what I mean. I could hardly be bothered getting out of bed, never mind getting dressed but I knew there was work to be done about the house so I threw on some saucy undies, an apron, sheer black stockings and stiletto heels — just the thing for pottering about doing a spot of baking in!

In a moment of madness I'd invited my parents round for dinner that afternoon and because I'd had a little lie in, it was already 12 o'clock and they'd be arriving soon. I was just beginning to panic over the pasta and potatoes and wondering if a dollop of chocolate sauce might do the trick, when there was a "Yoo hoo, it's only me Lucy!" at the back door and in walked my naughty neighbour, Nicola.

"Oh thank God you've come," I gasped, grabbing some spicy sausages from the fridge. "I'm desperate!"

"It's just as well I like the ladies as much as the lads then, isn't it Lucy?" giggled Nicola, unbuttoning her blouse. "Now show me what to do and I'll see if I can help."

"Toad in the Hole!" I said, hoping that she knew her way round a kitchen as well as she did a girl's pussy. For even as I spoke Nicola was slipping one hand down the front of my draws and fumbling in my pubes for my clit.

"Well now I've heard of everything," she squealed, kicking off her shoes and lifting a frisky foot up to my fanny hole. "But if that's the way you like it here goes..."

Eased It Into My Pussy

"No, food, silly! Sausages, spuds an' all that," I said, getting frustrated and not a little horny.

"I think we'll try a nice stiff cucumber if you don't mind," said Nicola, reaching for a firm vegetable and running it under the tap. "It is only my first time with you, you know!" And with that Nicola pressed me up against the sink and eased the gorgeous green thing up my dripping pussy. My knees gave way and as I sank to the floor all thoughts of my parents' arrival was forgotten.

By this time Nicola had managed to get a good five inches of firm cucumber inside me and was in the process of wriggling out of her panties and impaling her own fanny on the other end.

"Ooh, this is what it must be like to be a fella, except I've got

these for you to suck too" giggled Nicola pressing her lovely soft tits in my face. "Now who's going to fuck who?"

"Ladies first," I cooed. "No one's called me a lady in ages!"

So my 19-year-old nympho neighbour bounced my bum out into the middle of the kitchen floor, tangled her legs with mine and started pumping. Our sticky pubes mingled and sexy squelching noises came from between our bucking bodies as we shagged.

"This is great. I could do this forever," laughed Nicola moments before she collapsed into a twitching mass of orgasm. I could feel her juices trickling down my bum and stuck my hands down to get a load of the fantastic force of her climax gripping the cucumber so hard it nearly broke. Then I slipped my middle finger first into my fanny and then into Nic's to get a fair old mix of juices which I dripped into my mouth. Mmm, it was so sweet I decided to slip the mammoth vegetable out of my sexy pal and get some more of that gorgeous recipe.

So I shifted positions and buried my head between Nicola's smooth thighs. First I parted her puffy pussy lips with my thumbs to get a good look at what I was about to receive, and boy, was I truly thankful! I licked up the length of her sopping crack then poked my probing tongue inside to give her the lick-out of a lifetime.

Moments later, her tight little hole got even tighter, holding my tongue inside as she rode it like a little cock. I'd never known anyone come so much... except me. And it wasn't long before I came too, without even touching my clitty once! But then I did still have half a cucumber sticking up my juicy cunt.

At that moment my parents piled through the door, and stood open-mouthed over our dishevelled, come-streaked bodies.

"Well it seems our Lucy couldn't wait and started without us," laughed my mum. "Look, she's already had her dessert!"

Lucy xx

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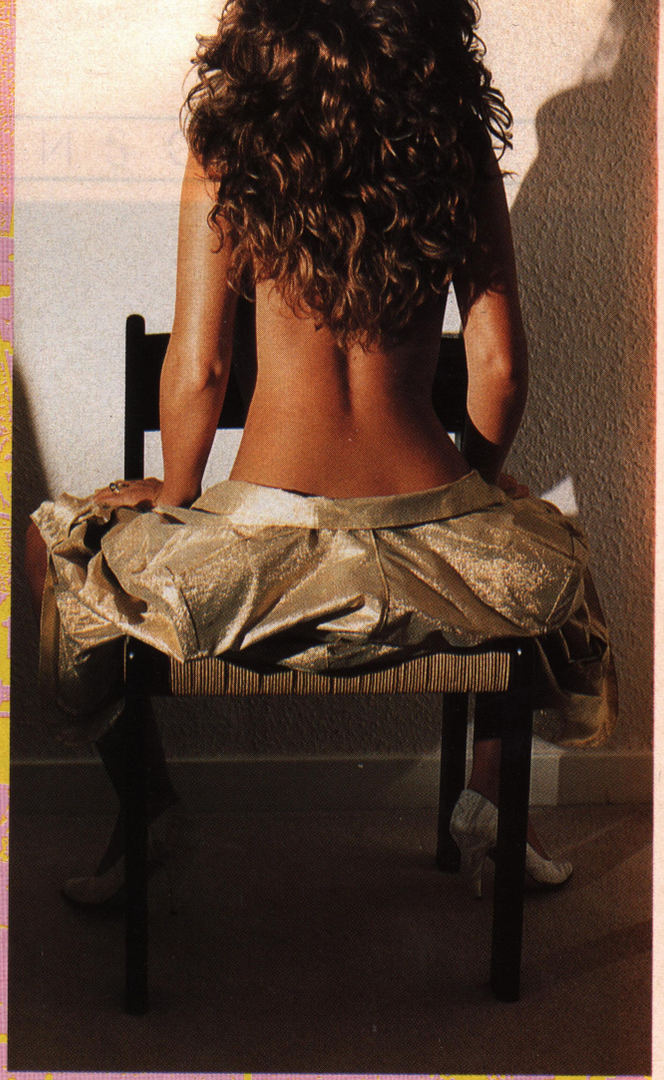


Alison is 20 years old, 34-25-34, and a married lady from Cleveland. We've asked her to model for one of our photographers, but she says although she loves getting dressed-up, and undressed-up, and posing in various heat-inducing ways, she'd prefer just to do it in front of her husband, as she says she's rather shy in person, though she's willing do almost anything in pictures...

MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

"You should take the job, Wendy," Tom, my husband, had insisted. "I know how much you love books and a few afternoons a week won't hurt you, will it?"

How right he was. The part-time job at our local library was just the ticket. I was nearing 30 and starting to stagnate in my life, so another interest was what was needed.

Admittedly, the work was hardly engrossing, endlessly cataloguing the thousands of books that lay in the dusty nether regions of the library, but I warmed to it and began to relish the task. I'm most certainly what one might term the 'bookish' type: glasses, fairly conservative in my dress and outlook. Not that I was a prude or anything like that. Indeed, I knew that in our circle of friends I was considered something of a hot item and more than one of Tom's university colleagues had commented on my figure and looks. During the five years of our marriage, Tom had taught me quite a lot about sex and so I was no stranger to some of the more wild sexual games.

A month after I started my job, I was venturing into what was uncharted territory, where the rarer books – thick with dust – were virtually forgotten. For the most part I could see why they had remained unread all those years. They were dull tomes – overintellectual, philosophical twaddle written by forgotten authors. But then I stumbled across a clutch of books that couldn't have been more different. They'd been hidden from view and were so dusty at first it was hard to make out the titles. As I blew away the dust I caught a glimpse of one title: *The Memoirs Of Madame Simone.* I'd never heard of the title before; so, curious, I opened the pages and read the first chapter.

It was astonishing. I'd come upon a real rarity: the memoirs of a 19th-century French brothelkeeper. The book had been written in 1872 but the goings-on that Simone described wouldn't have been out of place in any modern pornography. In the opening few paragraphs, Simone described in vivid detail her delight at being serviced by four men at once. She took great pleasure in describing each of their cocks and how they performed. I was amazed at the sheer delight Simone took in her lust, graphically relating her joy at being fucked from behind while two men filled her mouth with their manhoods. The climax was an explosion of utter debauchery as Simone gratefully swallowed the men's sperm while her other 'baizeurs', as she put it, masturbated over her breasts and rubbed their cum into her nipples. It was depraved filth of the highest order, yet I found it compelling reading and had to carry on to the next chapter where Simone told of her days as a Paris madame, arranging elaborate orgies for the decadent gentry of the times. I had to read more and more – about Dominique, the peasant girl who excelled at fellatio and once

MAJORITY

serviced 43 men at one party; or Ariane, who catered to the more jaded tastes of the clientele, yet was a tender lesbian lover of the authoress. Of course, I was not new to 19th-century pornography, but it was the unrestrained glee of the writing that overwhelmed me, and the more I read, the more I was engrossed, to the point where I was beginning to fantasise about how it must have felt to be Simone or Dominique and to give oneself up to sex in such an abandoned way. Without my realising it, my hand had crept down to my crotch and started to massage my pussy through my skirt.

I caught myself doing it and stopped guiltily. But then I realised I was so aroused I had to relieve myself there and then. No one ever ventured into this part of the library and so I was, for all intents and purposes, alone.

Quickly, I hiked my skirt up to my waist and started to rub my hot wetness through my panties, still reading avidly. Simone was telling of her client, a Monsieur 'X', a member of the French Parliament, whose cock was a good 13 inches at its peak. She told how skilled X was, how his incredible prick supplied her and her girls with the most wonderful orgasms. My fingers were working overtime on my quim, tugging the sodden crotch of my panties aside and teasing my slippering twat, my index finger gliding between my lips to tease the tingling bud of my clitoris. By now I was oblivious to where I was and almost sobbing with pleasure as my climax approached. I had two fingers knuckle-deep in my wet hole and finally I threw the book aside and tore open my blouse so I could play with my boobs while I fingered myself to the brink and got what I needed: the sudden rush of heady ecstasy as my climax flooded through me.

I was just regaining my breath when I heard a sound – footsteps approaching from the far side of the room. Hastily, I readjusted my clothes, only to find that in my frantic lust I'd somehow lost the top three buttons from my blouse. I'd just have to hope the material stayed together.

As the footsteps neared, I pretended to be engrossed in my work, hoping that whoever it might be would pass by. But the steps halted right at the end of the shelf and I heard a man's voice asking me a question.

"I need to find a copy of *The Memoirs of Madame Simone*. Can you help at all?"

I turned in the direction of the voice and saw a young man. Instantly, I placed him as a student from the university, maybe one of Tom's pupils. He was handsome and tall, with

piercing blue eyes that you could not ignore. He must have been 10 years my junior, but there was no denying that he knew about life.

"You're in luck," I told him. "I'm just cataloguing it." I held up the book in question. The boy's eyes widened.

"Fantastic!" he breathed. "It must be the only edition left. I'm doing a paper on banned literature of the last century and this has to be the most notorious book of them all."

I handed him the book. "It's certainly that," I said. "I can't believe some of the things that woman did. It makes the permissive age look very tame indeed."

"You've read it?" He looked interested. I nodded, and before I knew it, I found myself telling him everything I'd read: the orgies, the perversions, the filth, in minute detail.

"Wow!" he gasped as I told of the prowess of Monsieur X. "Small wonder, then, that the authorities tried to burn every copy. It sounds like an erotic masterpiece . . ."

"It is," I babbled. "If it doesn't make your cock hard, then nothing will."

What on earth had possessed me to say that? The student seemed startled to hear such words coming from the mouth of a librarian and I suppose I could hardly blame him for it.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't know what came over me."

He smiled warmly. "Don't apologise," he said. "You're just proving what a great book it is. My name's Gavin, by the way."

"Mine's Wendy," I told him.

Then, to my horror, I noticed that in the course of my raving about the book, my buttonless blouse had fallen open and Gavin could all too clearly see my firm breasts and my lacy bra. I pulled the thing shut, but it was too late.

"You . . . you won't tell anyone about this, will you?" I asked him. "I could get into a lot of trouble if anyone knew."

Gavin moved towards me. "I'm the soul of discretion," he said. "Tell me, Wendy, which passage in the book excites you the most?"

He was up close against me and his maleness was very overpowering. "I . . . I like it all," I stammered. He moved even closer, backing me up against the shelves. "It's all . . . all very arousing." My resistance was failing fast and when Gavin placed his hand upon my bosom, I knew I was in deep trouble.

"Do you enjoy the bit where the girl sucks all that cock?" His voice was seductive as hell.

"Oh, yes, I find that most . . . erotic," I breathed. Gavin's hand was inside my bra, toying with my nipples, stroking them softly.

His voice in my ear was so sensual. "Would you enjoy doing something like that? Would you like to feel a hot, hard cock in your warm, wet mouth?"

"Yes," I groaned, struggling vainly against the urge, but aware I was fighting a losing battle. He took my hand in his and guided it between his legs. My fingers scrabbled at his zipper, tugging it down and reaching into his trousers for his rigid penis.

"Go down," Gavin whispered, and I had to do it. He was no Monsieur X, but he was big enough and I parted my lips wide. I was no longer Wendy, but Simone, the finest whore in Paris, capable of taking men to unheard of heights of sexual ecstasy. I drew the hot cock deeper into my throat, my wet tongue sliding over every inch of him, teasing his cum-swollen balls and licking the twitching glans as hard as I could until suddenly he pulled back and hauled me to my feet.

With deft fingers, Gavin pulled open my skirt and let it drop to the floor. His hand clutched at my moist pussy through panties that were sodden with my juices. "Are you ready, Wendy?" he panted. I hissed a 'yes', not giving a damn by now. Gavin eased off my panties, kneeling briefly to taste my quim, his tongue lashing over my sex. There was a reading desk nearby. "Bend over it," he urged me. "Let me see that beautiful arse of yours."

I was quick to comply. Gavin stationed his meat between my thighs, rubbing the engorged head hard against my sex-lips. Slowly, he eased his thick shaft into me, letting me feel every inch as my cunt swallowed his cock, gripping it firmly as it sheathed itself to the hilt.

He began to thrust into me, his loins pounding against my backside in a way that would have delighted Simone. It certainly delighted *me,* and I thrust back against him at each stroke. His hands encircled my swollen, aching boobs, his fingers pinching my nipples hard as I felt the surge of heat in my cunt as Gavin's thrusts became harder and more fevered the more our combined lust increased. I felt him twitch inside me, as though he was about to come.

I responded by arching my back as I felt the first tremors of my climax welling up inside me. "Come on," I urged him excitedly. "I'm almost there!"

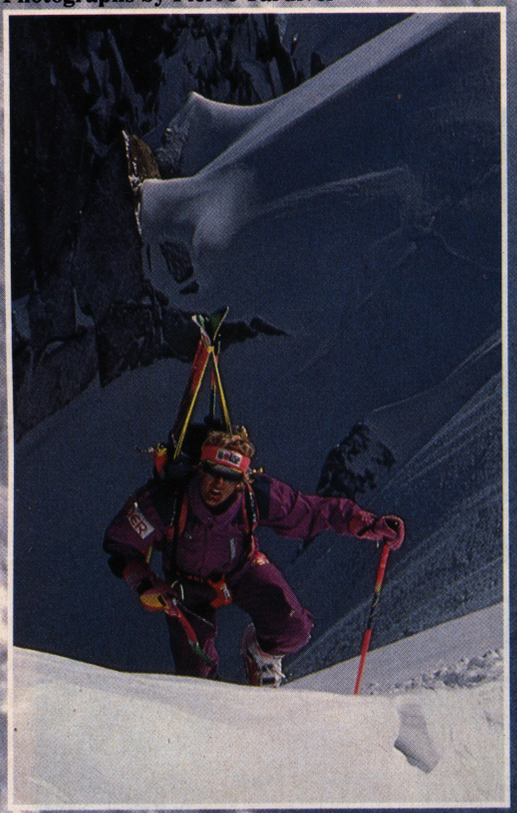
It was his turn to respond, now thrusting even harder, driving his entire length up me with each crazed jolt of his hips, his hands squeezing my boobs so hard it almost hurt.

"Yes!" I gasped, my body quivering with the sheer intensity of my fast-approaching orgasm. "Do it to me! Fill me with it – every last . . ."

My words ceased in mid-sentence as an almighty climax shot through me, and I bit down on my lower lip to try and stifle my wails of ecstasy. I wanted so much to yell and scream my delight, but knew I couldn't as that would have had people running from every corner of the building. As it was, I just held on, relishing the delicious spasms as Gavin's cock erupted in my pussy, shooting so much cream it spilled out from my sex-lips to run in a sticky stream down my thighs.

Gavin's tutor was a pal of Tom, and so I heard second-hand that his paper on *Erotic Literature* was a huge success. Personally, I feel it had a lot to do with his highly 'in-depth' research!

Photographs by Pierre Tardivel



ski-whizz!

So there you are, harmlessly making a prat of yourself on the nursery slopes and looking forward to the real business of your ski-ing holiday (getting pissed and chatting up the busty instructor), when some guy comes up to you and says "Excuse meh monsieu, ah haff a suggestion pour vous." (He's French, by the way).

"And what might that be?" you reply.

"Pres d'ici is a mountain par the nom of Mons Dolent. Le north face de cette mountain est tres steep. En fact, il est so steep that trois peoples have fallen to leurs deaths from it cette year."

"Tres interessant, mon vieux fils," you reply, trying to get into the spirit of the place. "Mais what's that to me, Jean?"

"It may interest vous to sais that I have just skied down it."

If this happens to you, it means you've bumped into Pierre Tardivel, who is the only person (French or otherwise) brain-dead enough to have taken on the north face of Mount Dolent — or, more accurately, the only one to have taken it on and lived.

The 3,850-metre descent is littered with fun little hazards such as a 40-metre-high ice wall and plenty of avalanche-prone sheer drops. But Pierre climbed the thing with his skis on his back, and promptly skied all the way down again — a sort of mad, alpine Grand Old Duke of York.

If you were the curious type, you might ask Pierre, a full-time 'extreme skier', why he does this sort of thing. Well, we've saved you the trouble by asking him already.

"Passion overrides all risk factors," he said. "What I like about this sport is the limit of imbalance between death and danger, the presence of the void beneath, my skis hardly connecting on the ice."

So now you know. We'll see you in the bar. ♣

marika

Marika may well have only just turned 20 years of age, but she's still one of the naughtiest girls that we've had the pleasure to meet.

"Just 'cos I'm small, petite and blonde doesn't mean I'm all sweetness and light!" laughed Marika wickedly. "Guys still expect me to act demure and shy at first, but they learn better!

"I love dancing, it's the second best way to keep fit, and if I'm at a club I'll put on a real show on the dancefloor,

Photographs by Harry Linden

rubbing my hands down my hips and pushing out my boobs so all the guys can get a real eyeful. And that's only if I'm dancing by myself!

"After three or four songs like that, the guys are queuing up to ask me for a dance!"

Yeah, we bet there's a few guys out there who'd like you to shake their funky stuff, eh Marika? ♣

Driving Her

Introducing the A — Z of cars to shag in by Robin Reliant, our humper between the bumpers...

Nothing impresses a bird more than a flash motor, but you've got to know the right one to buy. Like a dickhead dispatch rider, you'll be lost without an A-to-Z. Study it carefully. It could mean the difference between a good lay by the lay-by or having to pull yourself off into the hard shoulder.

A is for Aston Martin
As any secret agent knows, the Aston Martin is ideal for giving any blonde bombshell 007 inches. Whether it's the new *Vantage* or James Bond's old *DB5* complete with ejaculator seat, she'll be shaken and stirred if you roll up in one. Out of ten, this car undeniably deserves a shagmobile rating of 9!

B is for bubble cars
Sixties dickheads with even less money than sense invested in little blobs of glass with an engine about as powerful as a toddler's fart. Now yuppies with more money and no sense at all have bought them in an effort to get a mention in some colour supplement. They're mad. In some, your bit has to sit behind you, making any groping impossible! Their only saving grace is that empty-headed Chelsea bimbos think they're cute. Shagmobile rating 2.

C is for Cadillac
Back in the 50s, the Yanks liked cars with bigger fins than Jaws and enough chrome to keep Jimmy Saville in bracelets for a month. Best of all was the Cadillac convertible. With a sensible bench seat at the front, so you didn't have to get in the back to bonk, and enough room to give the Roly Polys one simultaneously, the Caddy was an ideal shagmobile. Unfortunately, these metallic monsters aren't called gas guzzlers 'cos the soft seats swallow your bottom burps, but because they are thirstier than a piss artist after a dayshift down a salt mine. So whatever you do, don't start the engine. Shagmobile rating 8.

D is for Datsun
The old name for Nissan, and any car bearing the Datsun badge is almost certainly knackered — as is its driver. Now used for mini-cabs by men who work seven days and nights continuously, grabbing what sleep they can in the fast lane of the South Circular. It's a tradition amongst Datsun owners that damaged body panels are replaced by ones of a totally different colour, so that after a while the car looks like an unsolved Rubik's cube. You'd have to be very lucky to get a lady in a car like this, but if you do, don't make any sudden movements when you're screwing 'cos your Datsun might fall apart round your ankles. Shagmobile rating 0.

E is for Estate cars
Most successful is the Volvo Estate. It's ideal for shagging, so long as your girl doesn't mind doing it with the lights on. To stop people peering in the large back window, most Volvo shaggers plaster them with stickers such as *I heart Border Collies* or *Caution: Show Dogs in Transit*. The only snag is that most women think Volvo owners are boring bastards. They're usually right. Shagmobile rating 6.

F is for Ferrari
All girls love something smooth, red, hot and Italian, and I'm not talking lasagne here. If you have 100 grand to spare, you can fuck any woman you want on the white leather seats, accompanied by music from the superb stereo system. It isn't bloody fair, is it? Shagmobile rating 10.

G is for Granada Ghia
The company car for the successful businessman who changes Ghia more often than a Revuebar dancer. *Granadas* come complete with post-coital cigarette lighter, tape player and hooks to hang your jacket and her knickers on. What's more the H-reg *Granada* is a sure sign of a well filled wallet and lavish expense account, and girls know it. Shagmobile rating 7.

H is for Hatchbacks
Fancy a hot hatch? Then stuff yourself with curry and wait a few hours. Seriously, with go-faster stripes, spoilers and more matt black than a set of Teflon saucepans, they impress a lot of women. Trouble is, inside they're the same size as any other *Fiesta* or *Metro*, only the drivers say they can get more in 'em. Mmm, I'm not sure about that. Bloody uncomfortable too. Shagmobile rating 6.

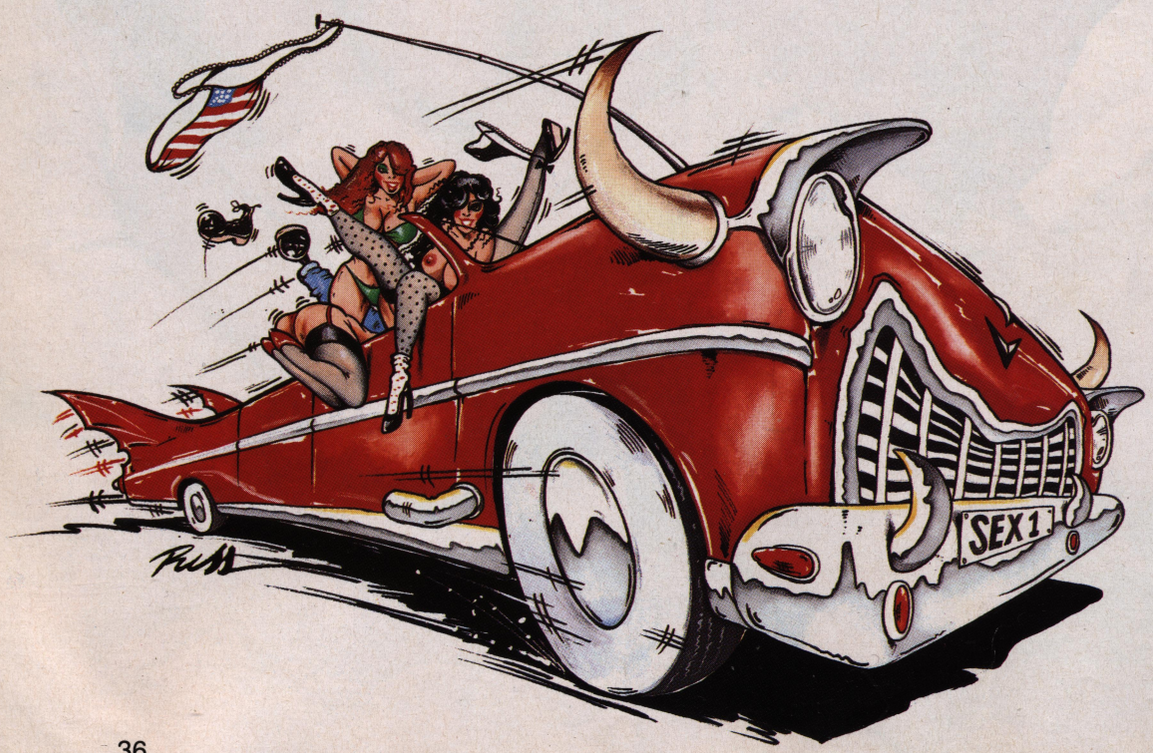
I is for Imp
The Hillman *Imp* was a fucking awful car with the engine behind the back seat, so your passenger's arse always ponged of petrol. It was not called the *Imp* 'cos of its size but as an abbreviation for impractical, imprudent and impossible to fuck in. Shagmobile rating 1.

J is for Jaguar
Makers of the sleekest and sexiest cars in Britain. The *E-type* was the best so far. E stood for erection; this phallic symbol was a soft-topped penis on wheels, and every woman in the world is an absolute sucker for one. Shagmobile rating 10.

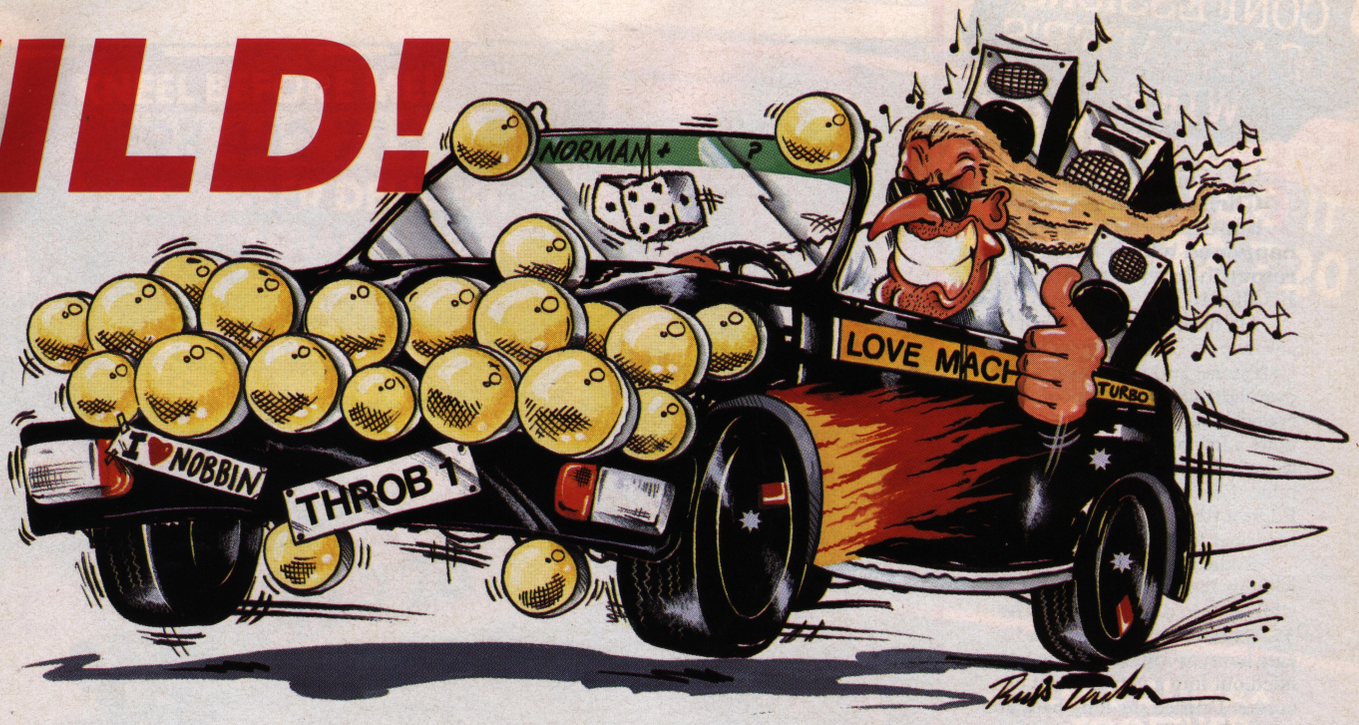
L is for Land Rover
Land Rover owners do it on all fours. If you like a bit of rough, then a 4WD vehicle is for you. You name it, they can get up to it, and so can you if you invest in one of the comfy versions like the *Range Rover* or new *Discovery*. Just make sure you wipe your wellies before you get in. Shagmobile rating 7.

M is for Mini
The toast of the swinging 60s and now only driven by people in their swinging 60s, the *Mini* is cramped, badly equipped and uncomfortable. It might be alright for shagging Twiggy in, but anyone with more meat than a butcher's pencil stands no chance. The old *Mini Van* was better — at least you could stick your legs out the doors. But who knows, you might find an old dolly bird in a mini-skirt and black-and-white PVC coat dying to relive her youth. Shagmobile rating 2.

N is Nissan Space Wagon
Latest craze for well-to-do with nothing better to do is to buy an over-priced minibus. The vast vehicle implies a wife and kids, so forget it. Shagmobile rating 1.



WILD!



O is for open-top sports car
With the MG, Austin Healey, Morgans and TRs, Britain has a long tradition of these. Why, when the weather in this country is such shite, I'll never know. Take a girl for a spin with the roof down, and come a sudden downpour, you'll find the traditional sports car is like a tart in tight disco gear — it takes two hours to get her top up, by which time, it's too late and your trousers are soaked. Shagmobile factor 4.

P is for Peterbilt
Who? Guess you ain't a trucker, boy. Peterbilt make the kind of trucks seen in *Smokey and the Bandit's Convoy 11*. If you can master the 15 gears and the CB language, there's a bed behind the front seats to beat the breakfast out of the waitress from the diner. Fabulously macho but tricky to park. Shagmobile rating 7.

Q is for Quattro
Quattro as in Audi *Quattro*. Vorsprung durch technik, as they say in Germany. Bloody boring big kraut car with fucking hard suspension, as we say in Lewisham. Shagmobile rating 3.

R is for Reliant Robin
My namesake, and very unfairly treated. Three-wheelers are cheap, and can be driven on a motorcycle licence without dressing up like a rubber lover and getting flies in your teeth. Just don't make any sudden lunges at your floozy in the front seat — you'll have the thing over. Shagmobile rating 10 — oh alright then — 4.

S is for Silver Shadow
Or silver spoon if you can afford one. A chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce Silver Shadow has a well stocked bar, superbly comfortable seats to fondle your women in and a discreet driver to take you home afterwards — just like the ideal pub, and about the same price to buy. Crammed with electronic gadgets — be careful you don't nudge one of the brass buttons with her boobs or sit the lady on a switch, you could turn on any number of things including her. Shagmobile rating 9.

T is for Transit
If she's the type that prefers cock au van then get yourself a *Transit*. Cheap and roomy, you've got more cubic feet to play with than Fulham FC. You can cover the interior with fur, put down a posture sprung mattress with a crate of lager by your side, and it's a mobile home from home. You can even advertise yourself on the side. Shagmobile rating 8.

U is for used cars
There's a lot to be said for a cheap second hand old banger, especially when her husband's away, but used cars can be a terrible mistake. As rusty as a World War One pilot and as badly filled as Mr Kipling's exceedingly cheap economy apple pies, they have more leaks and draughts than the games room of an incontinent geriatrics ward. A nice little runner? You'd better be an' all. Your bird'll be off like a shot when she sees it. Shagmobile rating 2.

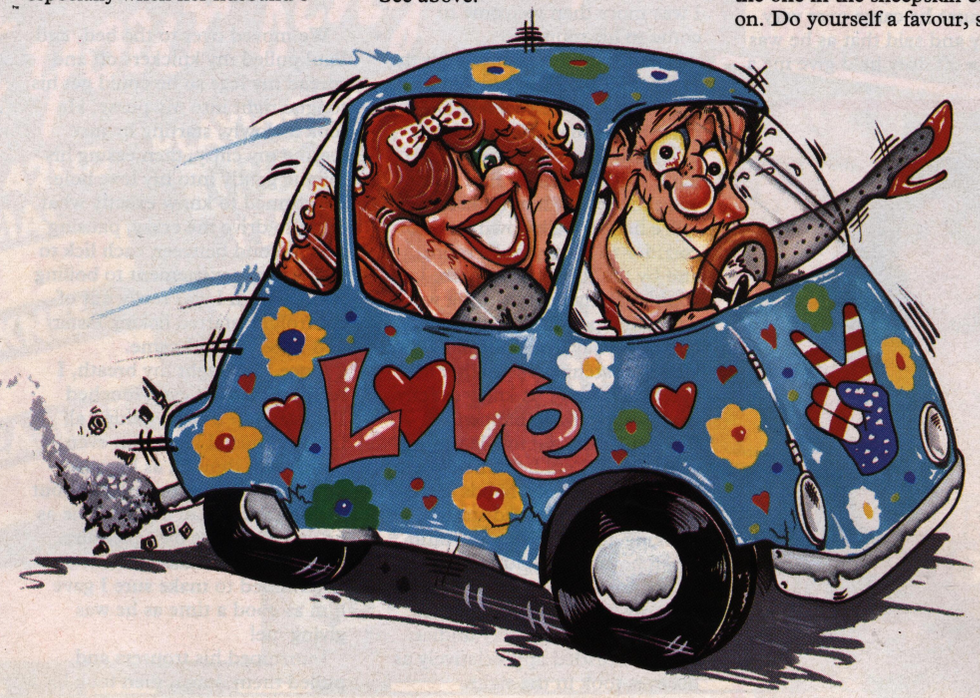
V is for Volkswagen
For many years the VW *Beetle* was the ideal car for people who like to be powered from behind. Now VW prefer it up the front like most of us. Best shagmobile is the *Golf*, appropriately named as it's perfect for playing around, and after a few strokes, you'll get in the hole. Shagmobile factor 7.

X is for XR3i GTE 1600 RS Turbo Rallye
See above.

Y is for Yugo
This Eastern bloc car is made out of a block found somewhere in the East. When you offer a girl a lift home after the disco in one, you'll find out the name comes from the reply — "Yugo, I'll get the bus!" Shagmobile rating 3.

Z is for Zodiac and Zephyr
Big, black cars popular with big, flash buggers, usually blasting out irritatingly loud music. Very popular with girls — or maybe it's their owners. For serious pose merchants only. Shagmobile rating 5.

So whaddaya fancy? Here, I've got this little showroom down the back end of Lewisham, I reckon I've got the very wheels you're after. No, honestly, John, careful owners, know what I mean? Why don't you pop round? No obligation. Just ask for Robin, I'm the one in the sheepskin coat. Go on. Do yourself a favour, son...



CONFESSIONS OF A READER'S WIFE

"He Licked My Nipples"

I'm usually glad to get Christmas over with, but this year something happened which I'll always remember with a smile, so I'd like to tell you about it.

My husband Eddie's firm always puts on an outing at Christmas, and this year it was an overnight stay in Blackpool. I was really looking forward to it, as quite a few of Eddie's workmates' wives and girlfriends are pals of mine. I'd also planned to give Eddie a treat, so I'd bought lots of sexy gear for the occasion.

Eddie went down to the bar with his mates when we got there, while I started getting ready. At 35, I think I look better than I ever have, as my slim figure has filled out into a very nice set of curves. I curled my long hair, and put on lacy black panties, with a matching half-cup bra which pushed my boobs out and made them look massive. I also put on suspenders and black seamed stockings, which are Eddie's favourites, a tight red dress, and high heels.

I made my way down to the bar, feeling really glamorous — only to find Eddie well on his way to getting pissed. Him and his mates had been guzzling pints with whisky chasers since they got there, and things were already getting a bit rowdy. They didn't let up drinking all evening, so I ended up going off and sitting with my friends. I tried my best to have a good time, although inwardly I was seething with annoyance at Eddie for ruining my plans.

By about 11 o'clock Eddie was completely paralytic, and had virtually passed out in a corner. One of the young barmen obviously noticed how angry I was, because he came over very discreetly and said that as he was just going off duty he'd give me a hand getting Eddie up to bed. I accepted gratefully, as I thought it would be less embarrassing than having to ask one of Eddie's workmates to help.

We managed to get Eddie up to our room, where he collapsed on the bed in a drunken stupor, and I said to the barman, Paul, that I'd had a lousy evening. I couldn't face going back down to the party after Eddie had made such a show of me. Paul said he could see I was too wound up to sleep, so if I fancied a quiet drink I was more than welcome to come to his room.

I looked at him properly for the first time, and realised what an attractive fella he was. He had curly brown hair and sparkling eyes, and a lovely warm smile. I felt a sudden urge to find out what the rest of him looked like!

We had to walk down loads of corridor to reach Paul's room, and by the time we got there I could feel my pussy getting wet with anticipation. We were chatting away quite normally, but we kept catching each other's eye, and both of us knew exactly what was going to happen.

We'd hardly got inside the room when Paul held me close and kissed me. His hands crept round to my back and started stroking and caressing my bum. Then he caught hold of the hem of my dress and pulled it up and over my head. I stood there in front of him in my sexy undies, and he whistled appreciatively as his eyes took in the sight.

Paul unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor, letting my full boobs hang free. If I say it myself, I have got a nice firm pair of tits, and Paul made the most of them, fondling and squeezing them before he began licking my nipples. Now, if there's one thing that really turns me on it's having a guy roll my nipples round on his tongue, and Paul's expert sucking was getting me really wet between the legs.

My Sexy Undies

We moved over to the bed, and Paul pulled my knickers off and spread my legs so he could get his tongue right into my pussy. He took it slowly, starting by just teasing my clitty, then easing his tongue gently into my love hole. He seemed to know exactly what to do to drive me crazy, pausing for a second between each lick to increase my excitement to boiling point. When I was really out of control, he started licking faster and faster, until I came.

Once I'd caught my breath, I realised I hadn't even touched Paul yet — I'd been getting all the attention. I liked him even more for it though, as he was obviously just as concerned about making sure I had a good time as he was about his own pleasure. Naturally, that made me determined to make sure I gave him as good a time as he was giving me!

I unzipped his trousers and pulled them down, then took his shirt off, leaving him just in silky boxers. There was a big lump in the front which looked very promising! I stroked it through the slippery fabric, feeling it twitch beneath my hand. A minute of that was enough to make Paul rip them off and place my hand firmly around his shaft.

I wanked him, slowly at first, then building up to a steady rhythm. He groaned contentedly as I bent my head and started licking the head of his cock. The salty taste got me even hornier, and as I sucked on his throbbing knob I was wondering how good it would feel inside me. Finally I couldn't wait any longer, and straddling him, I sank down onto his thick cock.

Paul thrust his hips up as I jockeyed him, then groaned in disbelief as I climbed off him. But his expression of ecstasy soon returned when I started sucking his cock again. I love to taste my own pussy juice, and the best way to do it is from a fella's dick.

Then I got on my hands and knees so Paul could fuck me from behind. I've always had quite a large sexual appetite, and Paul must have been the same, because we were at it for hours! It was dawn when I finally crept back along the corridor to my own room, feeling thoroughly satisfied. The funniest thing is that Eddie doesn't know a thing about it. He never even knew I was gone. I wonder if this year's party will be as much fun!

Irene, Leeds

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SARAH-JANE

SARAH-JANE

This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Landlady lust

My name's Andrea and my best features are definitely my tits. They're what people remember about me anyway, because they're huge, creamy white and firm, and a lucky guy — or girl — who gets to see them close up will notice what lovely pink nipples I have.

They're incredibly sensitive too, and I just love them to be squeezed and stroked. I like it when a guy strokes and squeezes them before sliding his hard cock between them and rubbing them over and around his shaft, until he spurts all over me. As you can imagine with tits as frisky as mine, I get into all sorts of sexy situations!

In fact writing all that got me so turned on, I nearly forgot what I was going to tell you! Ah yes, my flat hunting adventure.

Recently my boyfriend Alan came with me to check out this small bedsit in a large block. It was a lovely hot day and I had on my shorts and vest-top, which of course shows off my mamms to best advantage.

When we rang the doorbell at the agreed time, we were both stunned by the gorgeous woman who answered the door. I'm small and curvy with blonde hair, but she was lean and athletic-looking. Alan's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw her. She had long, thick, dark hair and a soft husky voice; and when she spoke, I felt a shiver go through me. I should tell you that I'm not often attracted by women, but when I am, I'm absolutely unstoppable!

Anyway, she looked us both up and down and invited us in. She explained that she lived on the premises in a flat of her own, and she asked if we'd like to discuss terms over a coffee in her front room. The house was really warm and friendly, and we readily agreed.

We made ourselves comfortable on the huge expensive sofa against one wall while Gemma went away to make the coffee. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she moved gracefully across the room. Her tight round bum pressed against her skirt and I could see each cheek moving against the other, her hips swaying gently from side to side as she walked.

"You really fancy her, don't you?" Alan whispered

in my ear, and I could only nod. My nipples were tingling with excitement, and when I looked down, they were poking up hard through my vest top. Alan, obliging as ever, secretly slid his hand under my skirt and stroked my pussy lips. He gave a gasp of surprise as he discovered how wet I was, and pushed his finger along my slit to my clit. I didn't make a sound as Gemma walked back in with a tray of coffee; and as an orgasm rushed over me, I struggled to take a sip, managing to spill only a few drops.

I hoped that would calm me down, but Gemma, with her firm body and dark eyes, was still giving me the horn. Then she surprised us both by telling us her terms.

"I only take in people I fancy," she revealed, calmly nibbling a biscuit.

We were flabbergasted.

"And I have to say that I find you both very attractive, but particularly you, Andrea. You have the most incredible breasts I've ever seen."

When I glanced at Alan I saw his jeans were starting to bulge around the crotch. We could hardly believe our ears as this sexy woman said, "Now, Andrea, I'd like you to take off your clothes."

I was shaking like a leaf as I stood up and peeled off my vest top. I was obviously taking too long as Gemma came over and pulled my shorts down in a business-like way, leaving me standing topless in my tiny G-string. Gemma began to run her hands over my thighs and bum, saying, "You're very firm and smooth. You're lovely." Then she gently licked my tummy button, before running her tongue down to the edge of my G-string. She slipped my G-string off and began licking between my pussy lips, stroking lightly across my clitty, then thrusting her tongue into my pussy.

I moaned out loud, and that set Alan off. He pulled off his clothes and went behind Gemma, unzipping her tight dress. Gemma swiftly slipped out of it and was soon kneeling in front of me in nothing but black suspenders and stockings. Alan kneaded her boobs from behind, his swollen cock bumping against her. As Gemma got on all fours, licking my pussy furiously, Alan squeezed her bum cheeks together. She stuck her bottom in the air and Alan sank his cock deep into her from behind.

While Gemma was giving my pussy attention, I played with my boobs, stroking the smooth skin and tweaking the nipples. My fave fantasy popped into my head, as it always does when a climax is on the way. Just to finish me off, I wanted Alan to slide his cock between my tits and spurt all over me.

At that moment, Gemma lifted her head from my pussy and moaned as she came. "Come over here," I said to Alan, as he thrust faster into Gemma. "Come and fuck my boobs!"

Gemma watched as I lay on the floor and Alan straddled me, sliding his glistening cock along my belly. Gemma's juices were dripping from it as he rubbed my boobs over his shaft, harder and faster. I felt fingers in my pussy as Gemma brought me off and I arched my back as my climax hit me. At the same time I felt hot spunk splatter over my boobs and throat as Alan shot his load over me.

Alan and I collapsed exhausted. Only Gemma still looked fresh and ready for more.

"I've got good news for you," she said to me, smiling. "You've got the room!" Alan and I were delighted — if it meant more threesomes like this! — *Andrea, London*

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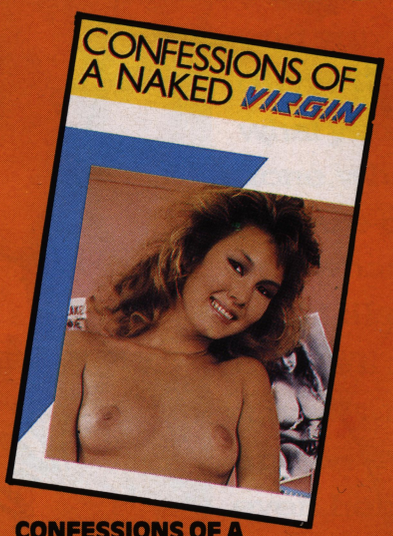

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THE FIRST TIME

Your horniest new experience

Three In a Bed

I've only been reading Club for the last 12 issues or so, but I have to say that I've enjoyed every single one. I was introduced to your excellent magazine by my girlfriend, Lesley, who also suggested that I write in and tell your readers about my first lesbian experience...

At the time I was sharing a flat with two other girls, Sam and Helen, in North London. Both girls were the same age as me, 19 years old, but they couldn't have been more different. Helen was very tall, with long auburn hair and a very full figure, and Sam was athletic and of Italian descent. We all got on very well together, but Sam and Helen seemed to spend a lot more time together than they did with me. They were always displaying outward signs of affection, kissing and hugging each other a lot, but I just assumed that they were very good friends.

I guess I realised the truth about their close friendship a couple of months after moving in with them. Looking back now it's a wonder that I didn't realise earlier!

Sometimes when I'd get in late at night Helen's bed was empty. For a good few weeks I assumed that she was still out, but at the same time I could hear obvious noises of enjoyment coming from Sam's bedroom. At first I thought that Sam had a fella in there but I soon realised that the moans and groans were coming from another woman — and that woman was Helen!

I have to admit that many a night I would find myself lying in my own bed with my slim fingers caressing my wet pussy as the noise of two women enjoying each other's body from the adjoining bedroom became almost unbearable for me. This must all sound incredibly voyeuristic, but the reason I didn't say anything was because I was afraid of them stopping — and depriving me of my own pleasure!

Eventually, I just had to do something about it.

Late one Saturday night, fortified with alcohol, I decided to take a peek around Sam's door and the sight that greeted me couldn't have been more appealing.

Helen was lying back on the bed with her legs spread wide open over the end of the bed, and Sam was kneeling on the floor, eagerly licking around Helen's pussy. I was absolutely captivated by the sight of Helen thrashing wildly around on the bed, her long auburn hair sticking to her face, as she neared an explosive orgasm. Just standing there and watching them made my pussy feel all warm and moist, and my nipples were soon standing out like little buds. I remember feeling very guilty, because I realised then that I'd never been turned on as much as that when I'd been with a bloke.

I gasped loudly as I saw Sam push her tongue deep inside Helen's pussy, and Helen screamed as the full force of an orgasm rippled through her whole body. My own hands strayed down to my boobs and I caressed my erect nipples, hardened into little peaks at the sight before my eyes.

I must have stood by that door, in a mixture of awe and heightened sexual excitement, for a full 30 seconds before either Sam or Helen realised that I was there.

When they did spot me, there was obvious embarrassment. But when they both realised that I was getting as turned on as they were, I was motioned in and found myself enjoying my first lesbian encounter.

Sam rose from her kneeling position on the floor and reached her hand out to mine. I could see her mouth was glistening and wet with the juices from Helen's pussy as she smiled. She was dressed in a black silk negligee with a tiny black G-string pulled tightly over her crotch, which accentuated every curve and bulge of her cunt. I could see a damp patch slowly spreading over the gusset.

Sam took my hand and pulled me close to her. I found myself being expertly undressed as she gently pulled my jacket down over my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. I'd been at a party that night and was wearing a tight red dress with matching stockings and suspenders underneath. My coat fell to the floor and she took a step back s she could have a good look at me.

Meanwhile, Helen rose from the bed and walked around behind me. With Helen behind me and Sam to my front, I found myself being the filling in a very sexy sandwich, as they both stripped me. Helen hooked her fingers under the straps of my dress and slipped them down over my shoulders, letting my dress fall limply around my ankles. I found myself standing there in just my underwear. I could feel myself getting incredibly turned on and there was a large damp patch forming inside my knickers.

"Mmm," Sam giggled, looking over my shoulders to Helen, "very nice, very nice indeed!"

Helen nodded her head in agreement and the seduction process that I was being so erotically subjected to continued. Helen returned to the bed and lay back, a smile spreading over her face as her fingers moved down to her

plump pussy and she began to rub her moist cunt slowly.

Sam faced me and pulled my body close to her own. I could feel the slim contours of her lithe body rubbing up against mine as she began to kiss me. Her tongue delicately snaked around the inside of my mouth, and I felt her hands running down over my pert boobs and onto my bottom. She held onto the material of my knickers and then pulled them tightly between my bum cheeks and pussy. I heard a gasp from the bed as Helen saw my knickers rubbing against my cunt lips.

I wasn't really sure how I was supposed to respond to the touch of Sam's fingers, so I tried to act as naturally as I possibly could. Following my instincts I soon found my hands straying all over Sam's body — down over her boobs, into the top of her knickers, over her slim shoulders; in fact, anywhere that solicited a nod from her head or a telling moan from her lips.

As my eager hands roamed over Sam's body, her own hands found their way to the top of my knickers and I could feel her lithe fingers probing around inside them. My cunt felt as if it was on fire and I longed for Sam's fingers to satisfy my aching clit. I needn't have worried because as soon as I thought this I felt Sam's fingers rubbing up and down my sopping slit, as she searched out my throbbing clit. I moaned softly as she gyrated one slim finger around my swollen bud, while her other hand dug into the cheeks of my bottom.

"Do you like that?" Sam asked, as her fingers probed deeper inside me.

Did I like it! I was so absorbed in the warm, wet feelings inside my hot cunt that I just nodded my head frantically.

Sam took my evident enjoyment as her cue to proceed further. I felt her fingers slide slowly out of my sticky cunt, and she raised them to her mouth. Her fingers were glistening with the juices from my pussy and she started to lick and suck them dry. Sam offered her fingers to my mouth and as I licked them I tasted my own pussy juices.

Sam pulled me close to her,

our tongues mingling with each other. Her hands ran through my long hair as we kissed, so when I felt another pair of hands undoing my bra, I had a pretty good idea whose they were!

I turned round to see that Helen had now joined Sam to make the seduction process complete. My bra was undone in a matter of seconds, and my heaving breasts fell free as Helen threw it onto the floor with my other clothes.

She began to fondle and caress my tits. This was an amazing experience, being taken over completely by two horny girls, and I became more and more excited at just where my naughty adventure was going.

Helen's hands slid down over my stomach until she came to the waistband of my knickers. She hesitated there for a second — and just as I thought she wasn't going to go any further, she pulled my knickers down to my knees. Then she gently teased apart my pussy lips. At that point Sam stopped kissing me and dropped to her knees, so her face was level with my cunt. With Helen behind me pulling apart my pussy lips, Sam had easy access to my cunt, and she made the most of it!

Without hesitating for a second she pushed her tongue deep inside my pussy. I thought I was going to faint as Sam's slim tongue thrust deeper and deeper into my hot twat. Her fingernails dug deep into my bum cheeks as she licked me fast and furiously.

Pretty soon I felt that familiar feeling which told me I was on my way to an almighty orgasm. I grabbed hold of Sam's head and held on tightly as the warm spasms spread throughout my whole cunt.

Sam knew exactly what she was doing and looked up at me smiling as I stood there, my long blonde hair dishevelled and a huge smile on my face for her to see.

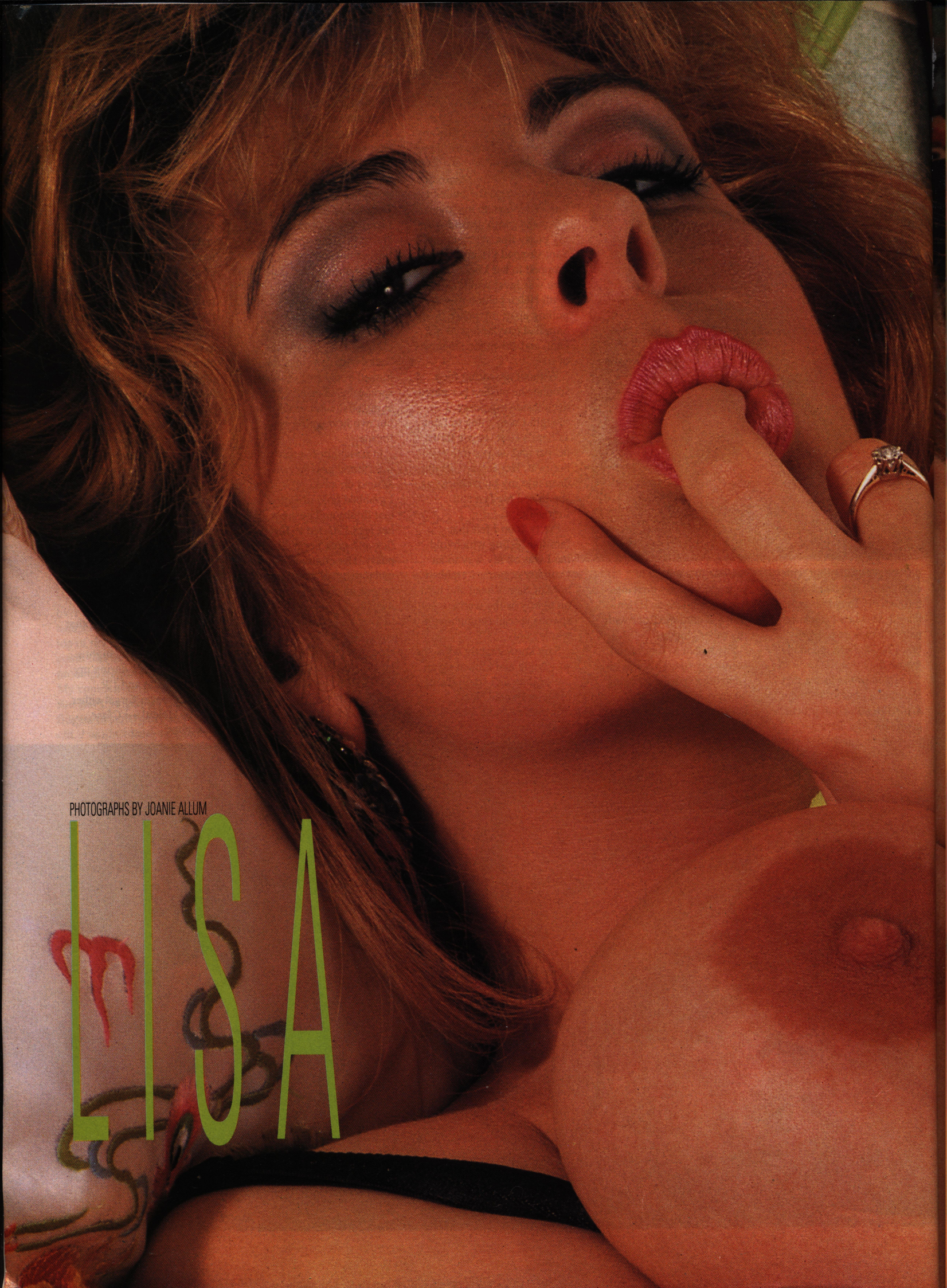
After all the attention that Sam and Helen had lavished on me I desperately wanted to return the compliment, and more than that, I wanted my first taste of another woman's pussy. Looking down at Sam, her face coated with my own pussy juices, I pulled her up from between my legs and kissed her. I gestured to Helen to come around from behind me and grabbed hold of her hand as I led both Sam and Helen to the bed.

"Now, I want both of you to spread your legs," I ordered. They both duly obliged and fell onto their backs with their legs apart. I looked at the two of them spreadeagled and marvelled at my first sight of not one, but two horny girls waiting for me.

In a matter of seconds there were three girls writhing around on a bed built for two. I grabbed hold of Helen's taut thighs and pushing apart her legs I started to furiously lick and suck her delicious pussy. Her cunt was warm and moist and my eager tongue easily slid along her wet slit. As I carried on licking and sucking Helen's cunt, I felt a pair of hands around my own slim waist, pushing my bum up in the air. I looked around at Sam to see that she had positioned herself right under my pussy and before I knew it I was getting my own pussy expertly licked and sucked. I soon realised that this wasn't just going to be one-on-one, but three young women all eager to explore and excite each other's body.

Within minutes the bed was transformed into a flaying mass of limbs, hair and hot bodies as the three of us satisfied each other. I had never believed that the touch of another girl could be so exciting. My little clit was raised and throbbing, and their fingers and lips knew exactly how to excite me. I experienced climax after climax as they teased and nibbled my aching clit with their eager lips and fingers. I couldn't get enough of their beautiful bodies — one minute I'd find myself pulling aside Sam's G-string as I tried to get to her sweet pussy; and the next I'd have Helen's soaking cunt placed directly over my face as I desperately tried to push as much of my eager tongue deep inside her as I could.

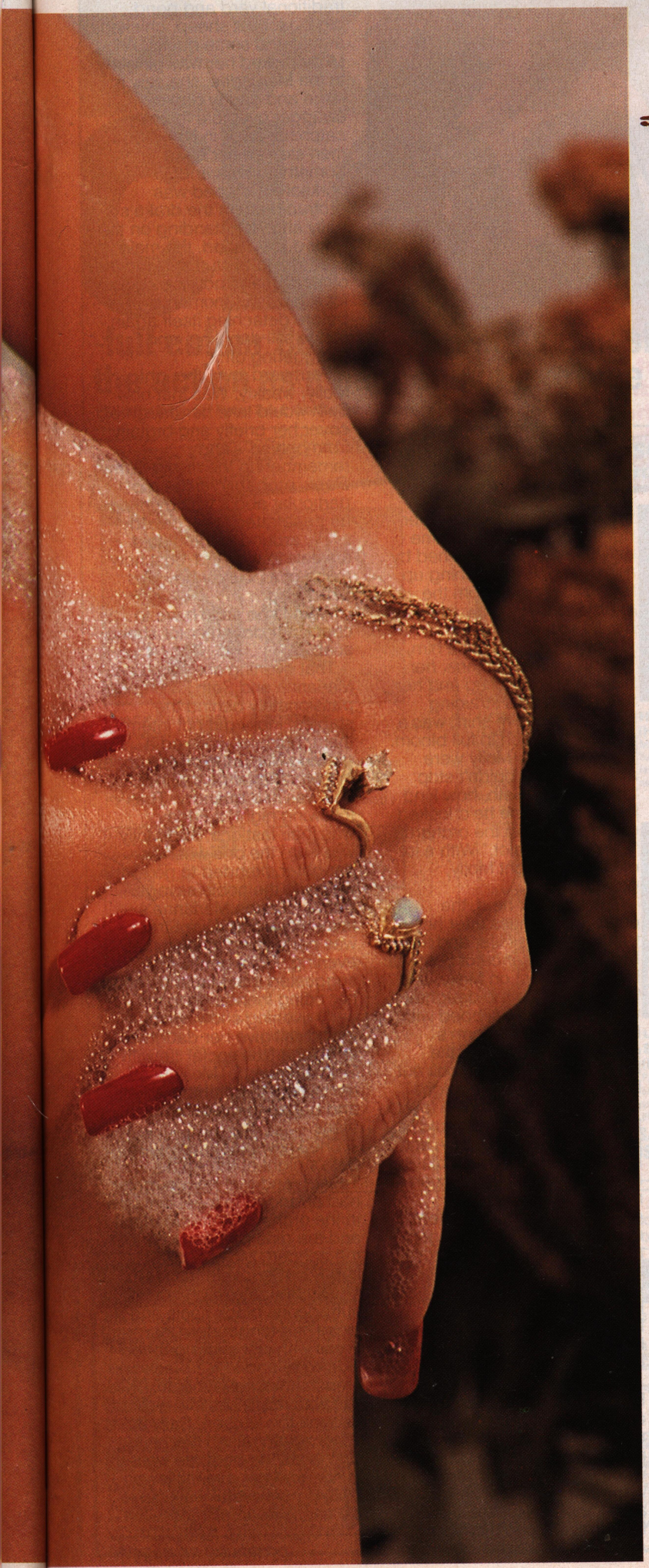
The night ended up with the three of us sharing a shower together, before finishing up with yet another frantic sex session! We repeated that horny night a number of times during my stay at the flat and I'll certainly never forget either Sam or Helen! — *Clare, Guildford*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

LISA

You know how it is when you start to fret. Nothing's right. You spend hours looking in the mirror and conclude that your hair's starting to curl, mainly because it's waving goodbye. And although you have not actually developed a paunch, your skin has stretched to make room for when you do. And your thingummy (down there) looks in need of a bit of magnification. And you've spent all year doing sod-all. And you can't think of anything interesting to say to anyone. In fact, the only thing you hear yourself saying is how dull you're getting. And no one disagrees. And, above all, you can't see how any woman could find you in the slightest bit attractive. And then along comes this big friendly girl who finds you fascinating, brushes all your problems aside and even sorts out the charging circuits on your car. Makes you feel great, leaves you for the next average guy and makes you feel good about that, too. Well, Lisa is one of those girls. Just loves making men happy (38-22-36).



Yokel poke

A holiday romance might be just the thing, she thought. However, the signs weren't good. Although the crotch of those whipcords had certainly looked well enough filled, Seth seemed to be an inarticulate oaf. Fiction by Elk Martin.

It had been a hot summer. Molly Martin's apple breasts, still firm at 36, were slick with sweat. Almost as slippery as her cunt, drenched with her own juices and the come from her lover Robin's first orgasm.

The pale curtains of Molly's bedroom fluttered in the warm afternoon breeze, and there was no sound in the room but an occasional murmured moan and the muffled slap of flesh, as under her hands Robin's buttocks rose and fell steadily, pumping his prick in and out of her as she lay naked beneath him, her legs spread wide.

It's good, thought Molly contentedly, but then couldn't resist a sideways glance at the bedside clock. Was it that late? Better get a move on. She brought her mouth up to that of her panting lover, and as she slid her generous tongue between his lips, shifted her splayed hips and wiggled, so that now one of her legs was between his. Then she clamped his leg between hers, so that his cock, coming into her now at a slight angle, was softly squeezed by her cunt.

The gently increased pressure of this scissors action on his rigid pole was too much for Robin. He began to groan and move faster, Molly's dark pubic curls a further gentle abrasive on his angled cock. Molly felt herself close to coming, and the soft whining moan she always made at that point, as if she was much younger and someone was taking something away from her, escaped from her tingling lips. Then Robin was rearing up on his arms as he plunged forward and came, and Molly gave a small shriek as if someone had crept up on her and goosed her when Robin's last thrust tipped her over the edge into orgasm.

Not an earth-mover, smiled Molly calmly, as she lay for a moment cradling Robin's head, but not bad for afternoon seconds. Then she was sliding out from under her exhausted lover and padding off naked towards the shower.

"Where you going?" he mumbled.

"Got to get ready. My daughter Marianne's arriving home from college any minute and we want to beat the traffic. I'm taking her on a farm holiday, just the two of us, horse-riding. You'd better get dressed, darling."

Robin, an occasional visitor, groaned, but dragged his body off the bed. He was well aware that in her whole life, as in her successful business, Molly was a woman who knew what she wanted, and, as the last minutes had demonstrated, she surely knew how to get it.

An hour later Molly and Marianne were heading west out of town in Molly's black Mercedes convertible. They made a striking pair, Molly dark-haired, swathed in Japanese designer robes and clearly as sharp as a Gerber skinning knife, while her 18-year-old daughter was a tousled blonde in jeans, already taller than her mother and with a fuller figure, plus a dreamy smile indicating a trusting nature. Molly, a devoted single parent, had avoided the mistake of trying to make her daughter over in her own image, either in style or character. She loved Marianne for what she was.

"Looking forward to this, pumpkin?" Molly asked as she accelerated fiercely past an 18-wheeler and its leering driver and shot on through rolling pastures.

"Oh yes," said Marianne." A week's riding – staying at an organic farm – this magic country. But what about you, mum? You'll be bored blue."

Molly patted her bulging black leather bag. "Three copies of *Vanity Fair* magazine, all Jane Austen, and Jackie Collins' latest sex and shopping saga. For a week that should hold me nicely." She didn't mention the gold-plated vibrator

nestling in one of the bag's compartments. Molly was realistic about her needs, and she wasn't anticipating meeting congenial company down on the farm.

"There's the sign!" cried Marianne.

"'Hole Comfort Farm'," Molly read as she swung the Merc on to a track lined with apple trees. "I wonder why?"

"It used to be plain 'Hole Farm'," explained their hostess, Sally Scutt, 10 minutes later, "but that seemed a bit basic. And we are comfortable now." She gestured at the pleasant bedroom which Molly and Marianne were to share.

Never heard of 'Cold Comfort'? sighed Molly to herself as they descended the creaking stairs to the big old-fashioned kitchen where the guests ate. But she liked Sally, a buxom brown-haired woman wearing an apron. In her 20s, Sally was evidently making a good job of running the traditional mixed farm and the tourists it attracted after both her parents had died suddenly. Funny she wasn't married, thought Molly; probably too busy.

As they entered the kitchen, something was moving by the door at the far end. In the soft afternoon light they made out a tall, muscular figure in farm clothes pulling on his boots.

"Oh," said Sally, "this is my baby brother, Seth."

Seth Scutt straightened. In his early 20s, he stood just over six foot, with terrific shoulders bulging beneath a check shirt, tapering to a flat muscular belly and narrow hips in tight faded whipcord jeans. His sun-bronzed, open face with its blunt nose and classically chiselled lips and chin was framed by tight Grecian ringlets of pure blond hair. He stared for a long moment at the three women in expressionless silence. Molly, watching appraisingly, thought she noticed something in his right ear, but then was more preoccupied by the rapt expression on Marianne's face as Seth finally smiled briefly, nodded to them and in one movement was gone through the door.

"Seth's a bit shy," Sally explained as she bustled around the kitchen preparing their supper. And maybe a bit hard of hearing, thought Molly – or maybe even one short of a six-pack. "He has to do the milking now, but you'll get to meet him properly tomorrow when he takes you for your first ride."

But Molly could see from Marianne's spreading blushes and stunned expression that the hunk called Seth had already imprinted himself on

Molly took out her vibrator, lifted her night-dress and, as the whirring rose and the tremors between her legs blurred, she bit the knuckles of her left hand to stop herself crying out as she came . . .

her daughter. That could be both good and bad. The year before, Marianne had had an unfortunate experience of first sex with a clumsy youth, which had left her hurting physically and emotionally.

A holiday romance might be just the thing, but to Molly the signs with Seth weren't good. He seemed to be an inarticulate oaf, and as she had parked the Mercedes, Molly had noticed on the battered red pick-up truck already in the yard a bumper-sticker which read: *Country Boys Do It D'reckly*. So he was probably an insensitive oaf also, and horny as well as horny-handed. The crotch of those whipcords had certainly looked well enough filled, thought Molly, and the last thing Marianne needed now was a raging bull.

However, she had to tell her hostess: "Actually, I won't be riding, it will just be Marianne. I've never got my leg over anything . . ." And then recalling her daughter's presence: ". . .taller than a bar-stool," she finished.

"Then you must try our local, the Apple Tavern," replied Sally, dead-pan.

Next morning Marianne and some local girls went out for the day on the ponies with Seth in charge, while Molly drove to the pleasant old inn down the road. There she established a comfortable corner for reading and instructed the delighted barman, Gregory, himself from the city and gay as a tree-full of parrots, how to prepare a proper dry Martini.

She was back in time to greet the returning riders, and noticed several things.

She saw how good Seth was, using a minimum of words, with the animals and the youngsters. But any hopes that being a few years older he might dismiss Marianne as just a kid, were dashed by the sight of him reaching up to help her down from the saddle, and his slow smile as he did so.

Molly couldn't blame him. The blushing Marianne, her blonde hair tumbling and her full, soft breasts straining beneath a denim shirt, was a picture, a peach in full bloom. When she and Molly were alone the girl couldn't stop talking about Seth, how kind he was, how fine he'd looked on horseback in the orchards. "Like Sir Lancelot." With a lot of lance, thought Molly, grumpily.

The summer heat, the enforced idleness after her frantic business life, and the brooding presence of Seth, all had their effect on Molly, and that night once her daughter was asleep, she slipped with her bag along the farm's creaking passages to the bathroom. There she took out her vibrator, lifted her night-dress and, sitting on the toilet, twisted the end of her gold penis-shaped pal gently, and let the buzzing tremors playing around her clitoris and soon moist cunt-lips take her gradually to the point where she could stand it no longer and she twisted the control all the way. As the whirring rose shrilly and the tremors between her legs blurred, Molly bit the knuckles of her left hand to stop herself crying out as she came.

As the week went on, Marianne and Seth got closer and closer. Molly was pleased at how radiantly happy this made her daughter, but her worries increased. They were brought into focus by a scene she witnessed in the farmyard one morning. Animals freeranged around the traditional yard and pond, pigs, Jacob's sheep, chickens, a goat and some ducks. As Molly picked her way gingerly to the Mercedes, she saw a large and gaudy drake swagger over to a female, catch her neck in its bill and then step on her head. Something dark and corkscrew-shaped was protruding from the drake's belly and, still standing on the poor duck's head, the male proceeded to stuff this into the other bird and bounce about for a few brief moments, before detaching itself again, tackle still dangling, and swaggering off.

Farmyard love, thought Molly, weakly. Was that how Seth would take her daughter, cover her briefly and brutally from behind – and remembering the movie *Straw Dogs*, probably not be too particular about which orifice he penetrated? She gazed wildly around at the placid animals in the yard. Just how much of a country boy *was* Seth?

Would she soon have to check her daughter for sheep scab?

That evening she came on Marianne and Seth kissing passionately behind the stables. Molly did not interrupt them, but later whisked a glowing Marianne off to supper in town. Marianne told her she was in a quandry. The following night, a Friday, was their last one, and Molly was sure the one when her daughter intended to go all the way with the noble savage. But by chance Marianne's favourite group, Dire Straits, was performing in town that evening. Molly gently suggested that Marianne and her riding friends go to the early evening show, which would still give her daughter time for a little social life with Seth afterwards. Molly used her plastic to get them tickets, and began to make her own plans.

She knew that Friday was Seth's night at the Apple Tavern, and that her daughter had arranged to meet him later in the orchards. After Marianne and the girls had gone off to the concert, Molly applied subtly understated make-up, musky perfume, high but not outrageous black heels and a loose mid-length designer dress with just sheer grip-top stockings and loose black silk French knickers beneath. Then she was ready. As she walked through the kitchen, Sally Scutt in her apron raised her head slightly as the perfume wafted to her, and her eyes followed Molly's purposeful walk out to the car. A near full moon

continued on page 60

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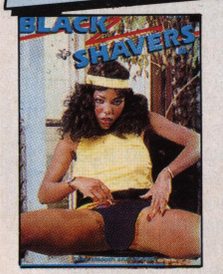

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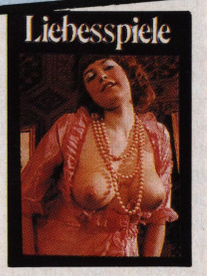

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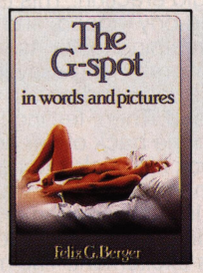

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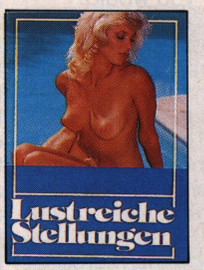

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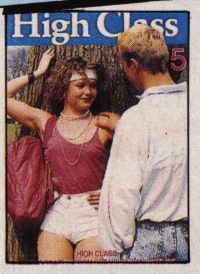

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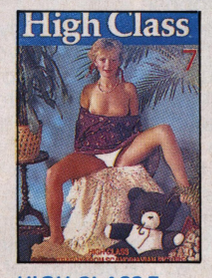

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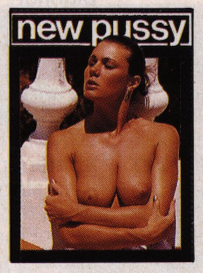

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continued from page 58

shone down on the yard.

Molly entered the Tavern, noting with relief that Seth was there, and alone. She gave Gregory the barman the high-sign and he instantly conjured up two drinks, a double extra dry Martini, and a pint glass containing three bottles of Old Kneecapper super strong cider. Molly wanted Seth loose, and quickly. She carried the glasses over to Seth, noticing the hearing aid in his right ear again, and said:

"Good evening, Seth, let me buy you a drink." Sliding smoothly on to the bench beside him, she let her silk-stockinged leg brush against his, and the musky perfume do its work. Seth's blue eyes widened fractionally as Molly toasted him and reflexively he took a big gulp of Kneecapper in response.

"Cheers," smiled Molly. "I just wanted to thank you for taking such good care of my daughter. In fact, I wanted to talk to you about doing that some more. Now you can call me a foolish old mother," she smiled, arching her long unlined neck and tossing her perfect glossy black hair, "but I know you're seeing her later tonight and I know what for. We're close, Marianne and I – we don't have many secrets."

Seth reached quickly for the mug and drank about half of it in two big swallows.

Molly put her hand on his leg as if in reassurance and said: "That's all right, Seth. But though she looks grown-up enough, my daughter's not very experienced, and the one thing I don't want is her getting hurt in any way."

Seth cocked his head to one side. It was, thought Molly, like trying to have a conversation with a Great Dane.

"Now you look like a hard charger," she murmured, squeezing a hand on Seth's bicep and leaning forward to let one of her breasts brush his arm, noting how the bulge in his jeans stirred and swelled gratifyingly. "But in this case you have to take your time and be gentle – I know you can be, I've seen you with the horses. A little sweet talk and a *lot* of petting – you know what I mean? Listen, let's get out of here and I can stop talking and start showing, OK?"

They both knew what she was proposing. In the long silence, Molly knew what he was thinking – to have both the mother and the daughter. The idea excited her, too; her stomach was tingling. Was it the rural tradition, or maybe (but she hoped not) a little edge of rivalry with her beautiful daughter? No, she told herself, she was doing this for Marianne, taking the edge off a hasty young man – and then it was too late for second thoughts, as Seth was sliding out of the bench, and she followed him out, winking at Gregory who rolled his eyes.

Molly knew she was getting out of control. She slid down his torso and, kneeling, unzipped him and freed his rigid erection. This is a very big boy indeed, she thought, breathing faster as she lowered her glossy lips . . .

It was a warm, starry night. In the car park Molly took Seth's arm firmly and said: "First thing – not in the truck. I don't want my daughter doing it with one foot out the quarter-light window and a gearstick digging in her bottom. It's a nice night – you've got a blanket? I knew you would. Then let's go."

They walked under the fruit trees until they reached the clearing deep in the orchard where Seth was to rendezvous with Marianne. The tall young farmer spread the blanket, and then stood uncertainly. But Molly took control.

"Let me show you a little about timing," she murmured, and then slowly reached her face up and kissed Seth lightly. As his arms went to hold her she said: "No, no, not yet. The name of this game," as she carried on kissing him, flirting her tongue in and out a little but evading his hands, "is the less you ask for, the more you get given, see? No grab-arse, and pretty soon a girl is doing this . . ." she rubbed her hip against his crotch and felt his cock jump ". . . and this . . ." tumbling him gently backwards down on to the blanket and grinding her firm breasts through her thin dress into his chest, before stripping off the garment with one movement so that she was straddling him wearing just the French knickers, stockings and shoes.

"Now," she muttered throatily, "time for a little more prepping." And she moved forward with her knees each side of his torso until her silk-clad crotch was over his face. "Get me wet, Seth," she hissed, and he pushed the front of her loose knickers to one side and began lapping at her cunt, long cow-kisses with his tongue along her hairy furrow, and then sucking her swollen clitoris gently between his teeth.

"Very, very good," gasped Molly. "If you're lucky you might get some of this in return." And she slid down his torso again and, kneeling, unzipped him and freed his rigid erection. This is a very big boy indeed, she thought, breathing faster as she lowered her glossy lips on to his cock and began to lick the head. Then, feeling his hand on the back of her neck, she took his prick into her mouth and sucked. She was moaning a little, tasting the drops of juice his cock was releasing in its excitement. The moan was asking for something. She knew she was getting out of control.

In the dark, before Molly knew what was happening, as the hard hand on her neck held her in place, Seth's agile muscular body slipped from beneath her and twisted over to cover her from the rear. As she raised her head to protest, she felt the heavy, throbbing head of his cock brush between her buttocks, and then Seth's swollen prick had pushed up, lodged solidly between the puffy lips of her moist cunt, and as Molly cried out aloud, was sliding up into her.

It was not a vicious thrust, more of a smooth movement of the thick, long cock, as tight-fitting and unstoppable as a piston in a bore. With both his hands now gripping her haunches firmly, Seth's tool seemed to fill her and fill her, its breadth driving her knees wider apart on the blanket and its terrific length sliding further and further up into her until she thought she was going to have to scream for mercy.

Then just as smoothly and steadily Seth's rod withdrew, and where a second before Molly had been desperate for a break, now she was moaning with an incoherant desire to be stuffed again. Just as it seemed he was going to pull out, with exquisite timing Seth thrust smoothly forward again with his mighty member, and Molly was sighing and groaning with pleasure.

Now there was no room for anything but basics. Molly stuck her bottom in the air to give him better access, and dropped her head, grinding her face into the blanket.

The successful, self-possessed businesswoman was reduced for that moment to abject submission, wanting nothing but more and more of his cock, as Seth's flat belly smacked on her buttocks and his stiff root thrust rhythmically into her distended softness, again and again and again. Soon his hands strayed forward almost idly to dabble with her dangling nipples and Molly didn't know what noise she was making, what yelps and whimpers, as his cock slammed in and out and she came twice in quick succession. Then Seth's own pace quickened, his thrusts were ramming her legs up off the ground, and then he was arching over her, helplessly contorting as they convulsed together, spasm after spasm of spunk pumping up into her so that when at last he fell to the side and Molly groaned to feel his still-stiff prick slip from her, cascades of come poured out of her as she knelt, still stunned, drenching her dark pubic curls and running down both her thighs.

Then Seth tensed, one hand going to his head.

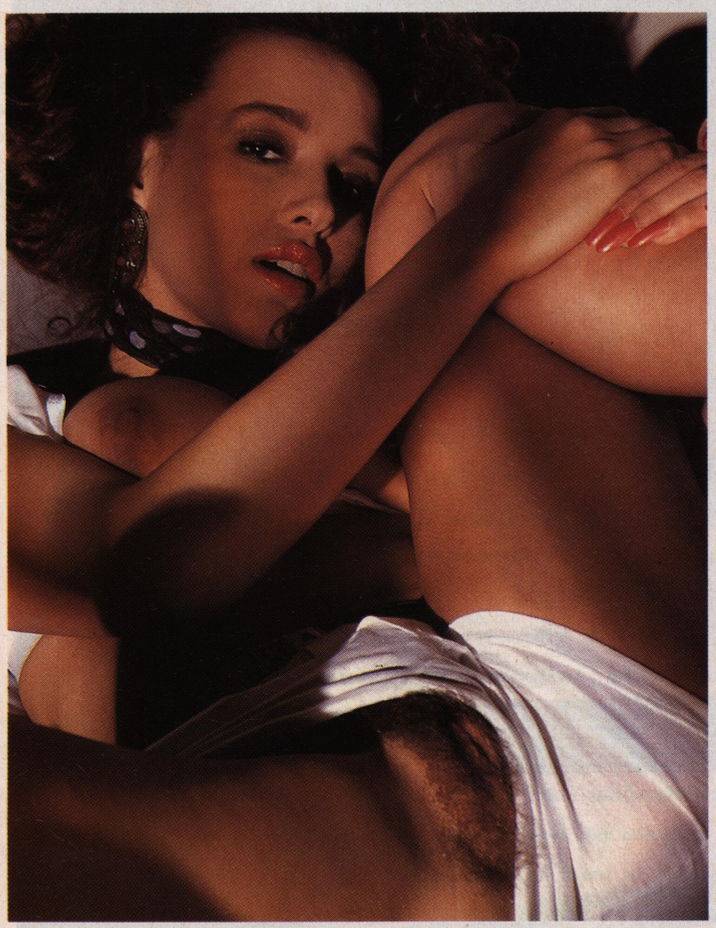
"You must go. She is coming."

Gazing at him wonderingly – it was some animal instinct, Molly supposed – she scrambled to collect her clothes and bag and stole a final kiss before slipping away into the trees even as she could hear light footsteps approaching.

A little way off, behind a tree Molly stopped and turned. She told herself she couldn't go back to the farm looking like this, but as she slipped on her dress she was staring intently at the clearing. So she saw the moment when Marianne in her green and red robe emerged in a shaft of moonlight and found Seth there, lying naked wrapped in the blanket.

continued on page 74

simone



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

It's Paris, it's summer. The high ceiling of the hotel room is yellowed, the curtains are faded, the sink is blocked; there's a thin 'peek peek' of taxis turning out of the Rue de St. Honore into the Place de la Concorde. You wear a dishevelled white shirt, you haven't shaved for almost three days. You don't care.

You throw open the shutters. The light blasts across the room, casting stark black shadows on to 19-year-old Simone's flagrantly delicious, pouting 34-22-35ishness lying across your big brass bed. She pouts, she wriggles, she beckons. You pace the room. You're not sure you want her. Or anything. You stub out your Disque Bleu, run your hand through your hair and light another one. The blue smoke hangs in the shafts of sunlight.

You decide. Yes, you'll have her. You unbutton your shirt, peel off your trousers, toss your cigarette out of the window and start to stride towards the bed.

She looks up at you and smiles. She has a puzzled look on her face. Then she laughs.

"Aren't you supposed to be taking photographs of me?" she says.

Shit, so you are! That's the trouble with working for *Men Only*.

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"Ooh I'd rather let some hunky footballer score inside the box," she cooed. So our twin strikers made their way to the famous football club.

Our girls were more than a match for the players down the sports centre too, as they enjoyed a game of squash against the men.Then it was back to the tennis courts for tea — our tennis buffs smiling like the pussies who got the strawberries-and-cream. *(New balls, please! — Ed).*

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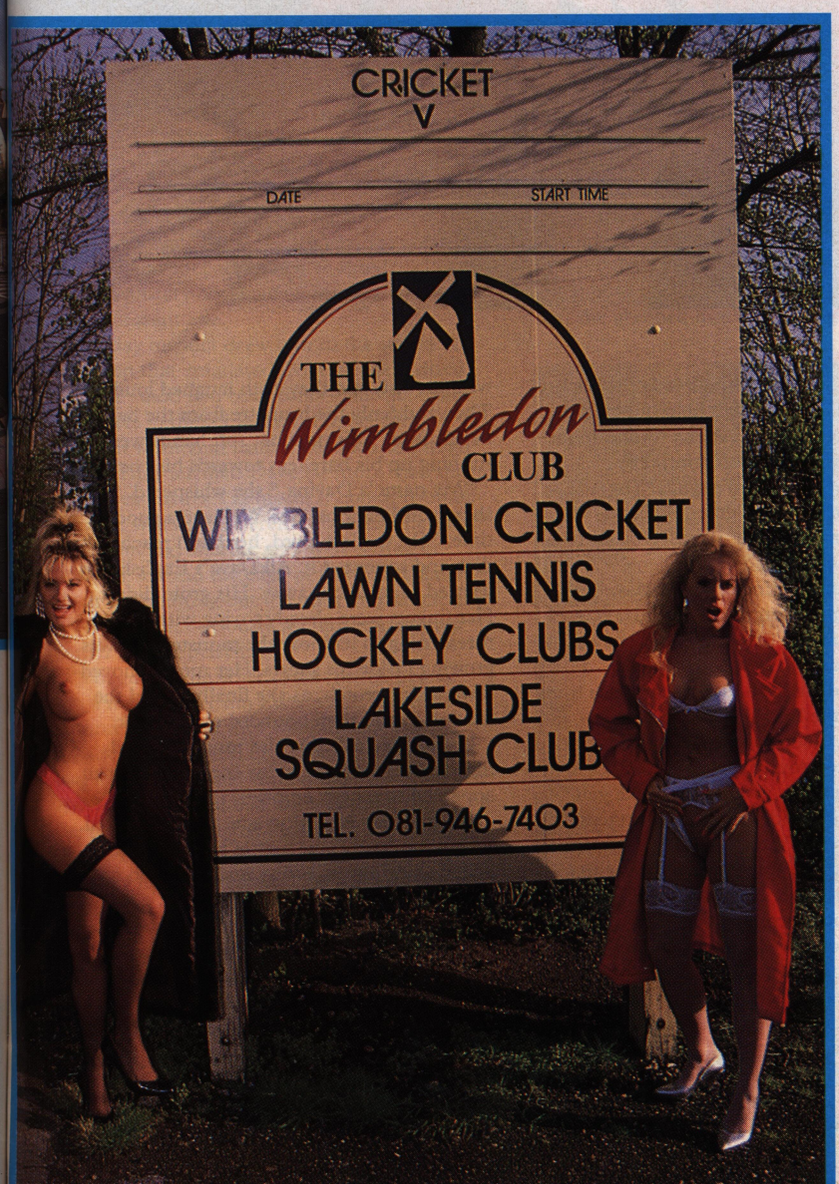
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"For a *complete* change, Feminos is the ideal holiday location," read Dave as he sat in his hotel room, psyching himself up for his first night out. He'd already changed into his pulling gear of Hawaiian shirt and tight white shorts, and was leafing through the brochure with its pictures of overly optimistic empty beaches and hopefully pessimistic hotel fire precautions as he waited for his aftershave to reach its perfect performing temperature. He was looking for a shag that night.

"Yes, this ever-sunny island is the perfect place to get away from the pressures of everyday life."

God knows I need a change, thought Dave. His boss had been a bastard for weeks, his secretary was a feminist who accused him of sexual harassment every time he gave her the slightest cuddle of congratulation, and his girlfriend had run off branding him a pervert just because he fancied trying one or two of the things he'd read about in magazines.

And so far, things looked very promising — especially on the shagging front. Even the girls in customs seemed to be giving him the eye as he walked through, and the hotel receptionist's manner was positively flirtatious. This is gonna be fun, he thought, as he made his way to the local taverna.

It was only 8 o'clock but already the packed bar was full. Dave couldn't help noticing the number of women there. As he turned to face the bar, the girls' eyes bored into him, followed by whispers and giggles. The barman, a good looking guy in his mid-twenties, approached but was overtaken by a buxom middle-aged lady.

"I'll serve this gentleman," she said, her eyes travelling the length of his body. "Can I get you anything — like into bed?" she asked.

Dave gulped.

"Hey, not so fast!" shouted a brunette from the corner of the bar. "I saw him first."

She stood up, and sauntered towards him. Her arm coiled around his waist.

"Where you from, pretty boy? I like you."

Her hand slid inside his right pocket and her fingers stroked the edge of his balls. Blood rushed to his cock. But the pace was a bit quick even for Dave. He ordered a beer and took it onto the balcony.

"Hey, big boy, give us a flash of your knob! Go on, get it out for the gals."

The shout came from three young ladies selling souvenirs. Dave smiled weakly and buried his face in his glass.

"Phwooaarr! Couldn't half screw that!" came another voice. Dave looked up to see two girls walking past. One made a gesture with her fist, and they both laughed loudly. Then suddenly the brunette from the bar was beside him. This time her soft hands were running up his bare legs towards his cock.

"My name's Davina," she whispered. "I show you Feminos, yes? We have a good time." On the last word, her hand reached his dick and squeezed it. All Dave's Englishness wanted to push her away. His groin didn't. Her fingers were already toying with his zip, threatening to let loose the monster that was growing inside his shorts. Her mouth moved towards his crotch, as she finally pulled the zip down, and then pounced on his cock.

Just as Davina's lips and tongue started their expert massage of his cock, the barman appeared to collect empties.

"If this girl's annoying you..." he enquired.

"No!" yelped Dave a little too loudly, then added as calmly as a man mid blow-job can, "no, no, it's all right."

"Hasn't been the same here since we lost the Gulf War..." muttered the barman. Dave's eyebrows asked the question his lips couldn't manage. "Not that Gulf War. The war here that ended the gulf between men and women. Well, it was a coup really by a fundamental feminist organisation. Now the girls are allowed to make the running, and behave just like the guys used to. And they're

Since the 'Gulf War' the island of Feminos has offered a holiday with a difference — the girls love it, and the guys don't have to do a thing to pull them...

...were here?

really making the most of it. Even changed the name of the island. Been great for tourism. I think they've overdone it myself..."

Most of the barman's explanation was lost on Dave who gave in to the warmth of Davina's lips round his knob. Then he felt it disappear into the warm moist confines of her mouth as she engulfed his whole cock and began to suck it. It wasn't long before Dave felt a surge and suddenly he was flooding the stranger's mouth with warm spunk. She looked up from between his thighs, jizz still running down her chin.

"Mmmm," she sighed, licking her lips. "Welcome to Feminos, pretty boy!"

"Hmm, thanks!" coughed Dave lamely. "Yes... I'd better be going." He downed the most welcome beer of his life in one, and left quickly, just catching a glimpse of Davina returning to the bar, her hands about a foot apart gesticulating like a boastful fisherman.

Dave's progress along the seafront was a painful one. He'd never had his bottom tweaked before, and certainly not by raven haired beauties whose breasts bobbed like buoys beneath the surface of their T-shirts. Nor had female window cleaners, ice cream salegirls and shop assistants shouted complimentary obscenities. It was a shock, but a pleasant one.

Holiday instinct drew him to the sound of loud pop that emanated from the local disco. Outside stood two bouncers — not the usual ex-boxers in dinner jackets, but six-foot Amazon women in leather basques and thigh boots. They terrified Dave far more than the brain-dead heavies at his local bop-and-bonk.

Inside was very different too. Here the men were dancing, and the girls were sitting or standing around the edge of the floor sizing them up, pointing out the ones they fancied. Two fat guys, obviously wallflowers, sat in a corner getting pissed.

"Hi, guy!" The voice came from a pair of lips a millimetre from Dave's ear. He looked around to see that they were attached to a blonde in a red satin dress. "Say, if I said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me?" Role reversal had done nothing to improve the quality of Feminos's chat-up lines. "Do you wanna dance, baby?"

Before he could answer, Dave found himself on the dancefloor. It was a typical holiday song, and the girl's lightly tanned tits bounced in the twin cones of her strapless evening dress. Strangely, the blonde wasn't looking him in the eye either. She was staring at his bollocks as they bounced inside his shorts. She winked approvingly. Then came a smoochy number and she grasped him tightly. As the music swelled, he felt her hands slide over his buttocks, squeezing them as she rubbed her satin coated pussy into his groin. He swelled instantly, and she clamped her scarlet lips to his and pushed her tongue hard into his mouth like she was drilling for oil.

Her nails slid inside the waistband of his shorts and she began to knead the bare flesh of his bum. He couldn't believe it! Then as soon as the music stopped, so did she, and the blonde whispered thanks and set off to prick tease another guy. Angrily Dave stormed up to the bar and demanded another beer.

Almost immediately another girl, a rather plump pillow-titted tart, swung him round, grabbed his cock through his shorts and started vacuuming his mouth with hers. She reeked of cigarettes, and he pulled away.

"What are you, a bloody poof?" she drawled, and disappeared into the crowd. What a fucking nerve, he thought. Then the thousands of times he'd said the same when a girl resisted his advances came flooding back. Slowly it dawned on him. All these girls were doing just what he'd done, or tried to do, in discos. Grope and hope! If he wanted to get off with the blonde, he had to do what women did to him — play hard to get. So for the next couple of dances he avoided her, deliberately letting other girls be seen with him. Then when she grabbed him again, he gave in.

This time his hand slid round her waist as well, feeling her arse cheeks. The satin made them cool and smooth, and his cock began to fill his shorts. Her kiss was more sensual this time — slow and deep, her tongue wrestling with his rather than pounding at it. He slid his hands round to her front to feel her boobs, as she began to stroke his cock through his flies.

"Not here," he whispered like the shy girls he'd heard a thousand times before. He let her lead him onto the moonlit beach. She pushed him onto the sand out of sight of the main drag, then fell on top of him. He slipped her tits out of her dress and cupped them. Then he kissed the nipples in turn until they were hard, and he could roll them between his lips. But aware of his new submissive role again, he whispered, "Please fuck me."

Without a word, she slid down the zip of his shorts and eased them down, then stood up to slip out of her dress. She was naked, and her trim blonde pussy was glistening with juice. Dave abandoned his macho along with his shorts, and let her take control.

She stroked his cock with her cool hands, running her nails around the base of his knob. Then she pushed him onto his back, and he watched as the silhouette of her body sank onto his cock. First her lips touched, then he slid inside her, her only sound a gasp as he filled her completely. Slowly, unbearably slowly, she eased it out again, until he almost popped out of her tight little cunt.

"Go on, for fuck's sake, go on," gasped Dave, and her pace quickened. He watched her boobs quiver faster as her stroke speeded up. Soon they were bouncing and even the cool blonde began to yelp as she approached a climax. Dave was writhing in the sand, his head lolling from side to side, as her super-fit fanny muscles clenched his cock. Suddenly he could hold on no longer. A warm flood gushed into her spunk thirsty cunt.

Exhausted, Dave lay looking up at the stars, but his partner was wasting no time. She was already sipping back into her satin.

"Can I see you again?" he asked, like a dozen girls had asked him after similar conquests.

"Perhaps," she whispered, and was gone.

Eventually Dave got up and put his shorts back on, heading for his hotel. It had been quite a first night. As he walked back he was aware of a car pulling alongside.

"Hey, baby, what's a guy like you doing on your own at this time? You're a pro, aren't you? You certainly look like one."

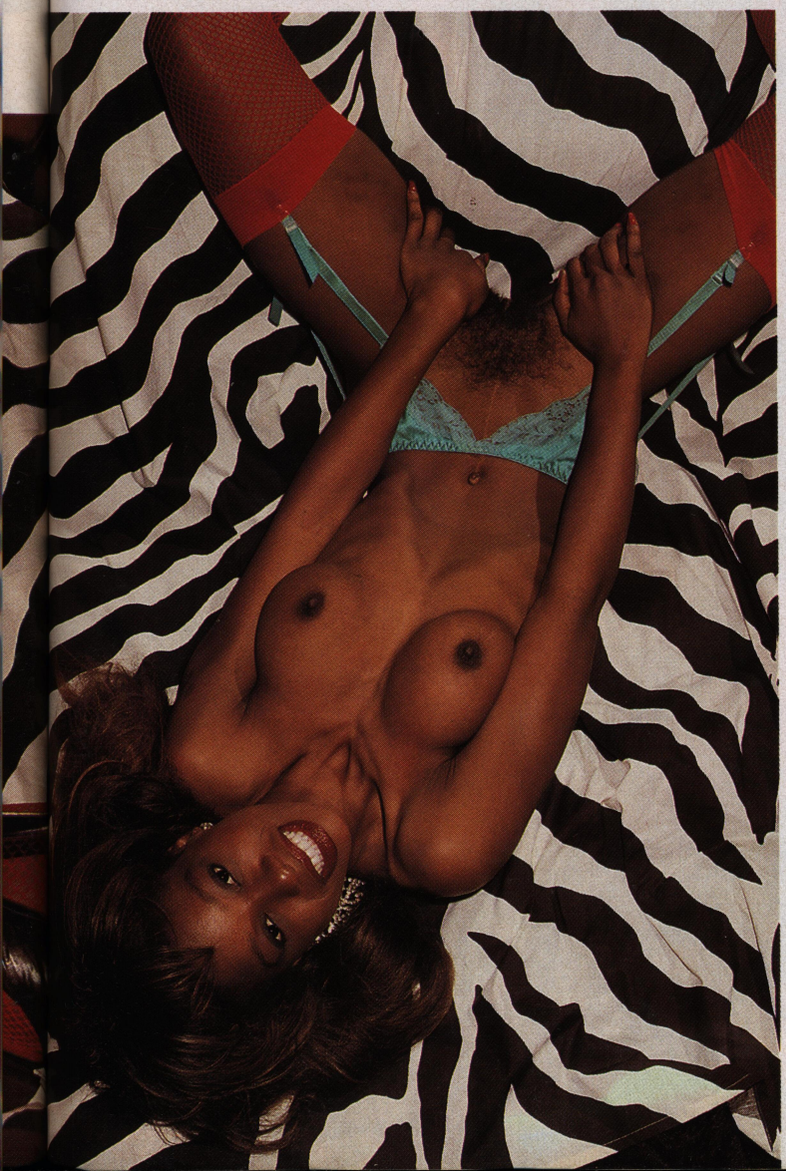
Dave looked round to see two heavily built girls trussed into police uniforms.

"Well, if you want some action, we'll show you some action," said the bull dyke, grinning suggestively. Dave's eyes were fixed on hers for a moment, like a frightened rabbit in a car headlight... and then he ran. Along streets and up alleyways he pounded, fear pushing him onwards, until at last, breathless and exhausted, he reached his hotel.

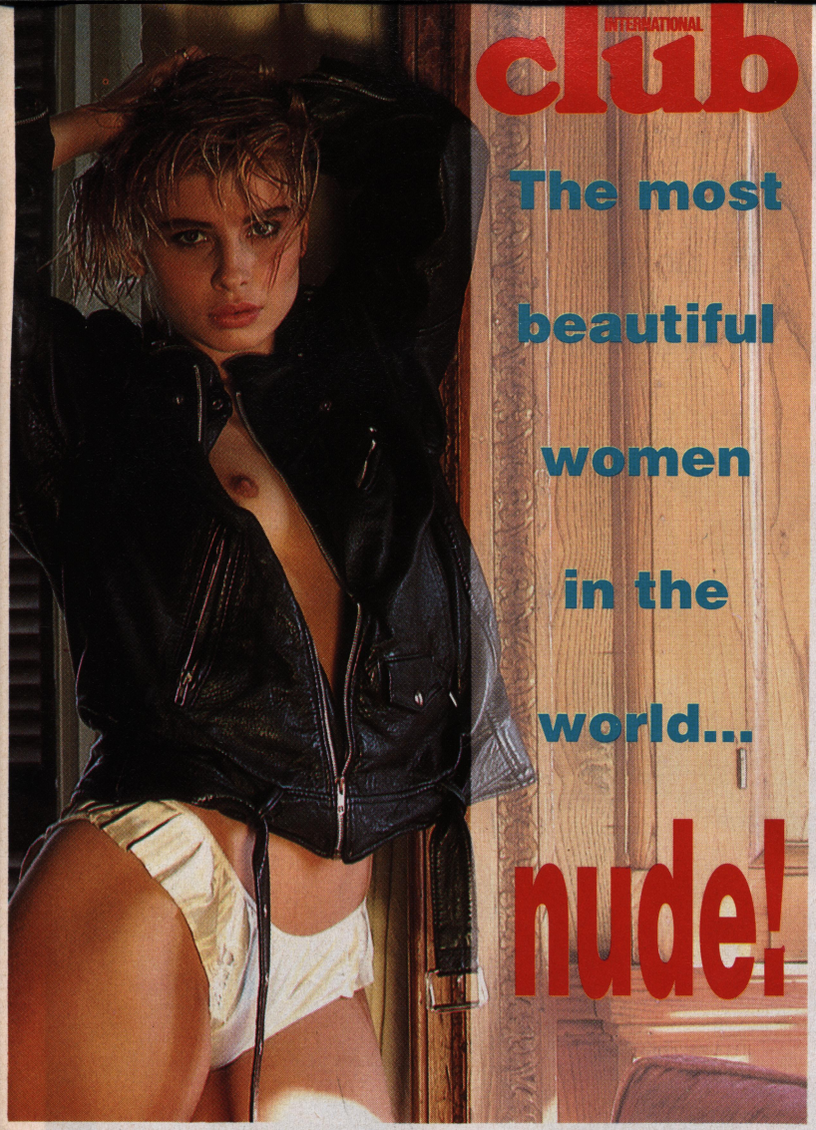
The following morning, legs cramped and balls aching from overwork, he wrote his first postcard. It was to his boss, the bastard. A man who treated his staff and his secretary like shit. For the first time ever, Dave wrote, "Wish you were here" and meant it.

MOON

Moon, 37-25-37, 24, Brixton. **Moon models, teaches aerobics, and sings in a band. "The rest of the time I spend in bed asleep – mostly!"**



MOON



INTERNATIONAL club

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Yokel poke

continued from page 60

Molly got her first surprise when Marianne without a word reached for the fastening at the neck of her robe and, letting the cloth slip from her, stood over Seth stark naked, her long blonde hair rippling down her back and her magnificent breasts rising and falling. Seth responded wordlessly by opening the blanket. He was already half-hard again.

But for Molly the big shock was that as she moved sideways in the dark, she felt herself pressed against another body! A soft hand on her mouth stifled her gasp of surprise, and she found herself held close to Sally Scutt, who smiled at her in the moonlit darkness. Then there was no time for surprise, as Marianne had straddled Seth and leaning forward to kiss him, was lowering herself on to his cock.

Molly had a moment to admire her daughter's self-possession, watching tensely as the young girl, panting, bit by bit let the bulbous head of Seth's long cock slip into her. Seth lay perfectly still as the blonde girl, her full breasts bobbing, began to move gently up and down on his slippery pole.

"Rising to the trot, teacher?" she giggled, breathlessly, and little by little took more of the massive tool into herself. Watching the pair, Molly felt an unexpected reaction. She was getting horny; and just as she realised this, she felt Sally Scutt's hand begin to squeeze her bottom, lifting her dress at the back as she did so. So that's why she's not married, Molly thought coolly, shifting her legs a little to make it easier for the young woman.

Sally kissed her neck, whispering: "Have you got your toy?" as in the clearing Marianne began to cry out softly in time to her bobbing movements.

Molly nodded, pulling the vibrator from her bag. "How did you know?" she murmured.

"Heard you in the bathroom every night, love," Sally whispered, slipping her hand into Molly's soaking quim and then easing a moist thumb up her bottom. Molly gasped, and still gazing at the couple fucking, lifted Sally's skirt and apron, found she was wearing no panties and slipped the vibrator all the way into the countrywoman's sopping cunt, before twisting the end so that the whirring was muffled by Sally's wet flesh.

Things moved faster. In the clearing Marianne was getting frantic, mashing herself down again and again on to the full length of Seth's cock as the young man's hands kneaded her tits and his head thrashed from side to side as the pleasure racked him. Molly, her privates being ravaged by Sally's busy hand, still had time to feel a pang for her daughter's departing girlhood, but anyone could see Marianne was in her glory, arms spread wide in the moonlight just before she flung herself forward on to Seth with a tender groan and shivered all over in orgasm. Beneath her, Seth's hips finally surged up, once, twice, and he came. Sally bit her apron to keep from screaming as the vibrator brought her off, and Molly buried her mouth in Sally's thick brown hair as the woman's knuckle grinding frantically on her love-bud carried her to her fourth orgasm of the evening.

Molly slid to the ground, and the orchard was filled with a ringing silence.

Next morning from an upper room brother and sister watched the Mercedes sweep out of the yard, Marianne looking back once to blow a kiss.

"Mixed doubles, eh?" said Sally.

"Something for all the family," Seth replied complacently, in an accent whose civilized quality would have surprised Molly. They were in his room, with well-stocked bookshelves and a degree from agricultural college hanging behind the door. He pulled out the ear-piece and tossed it on to the desk.

"Good thing you let me know the girl was on her way," he said, tapping the walkie-talkie in Sally's apron pocket.

"Never fails. Do you think last night was the yokel's finest hour?" she asked, just as a car drove into the yard.

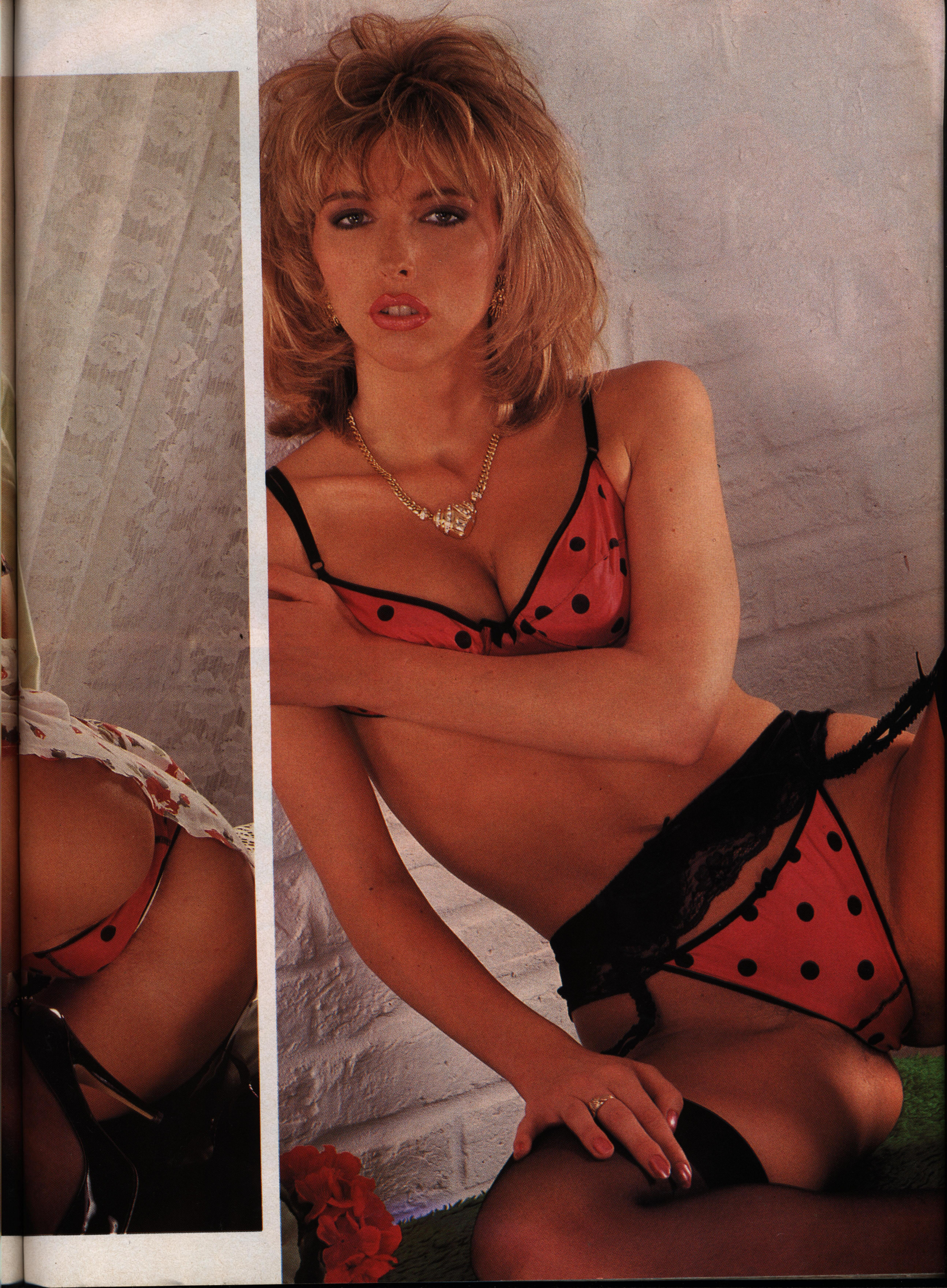
"Yes, perhaps," said Seth. "But . . ." And he paused as they watched a pair of leggy red-headed girls, evidently twin sisters, clamber from the car and gaze around them.

"Don't get cocky," said Seth's sister, slapping his buttocks hard as she moved to the door.

"Ooo arrr," carolled Seth, gormlessly, and laughing quietly they went down to welcome the new city folk to Hole Comfort Farm.

AMIAH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

It was bizarre the way we met Annie. Most models come through agencies or photographers, or send their pictures into the magazine. But Annie came through the man Owl (one of the arty-farty lot who ponce around in silk dressing-gowns, drinking Pernod and smoking roll-ups through ivory holders). She was coming out of a Mexican restaurant and happened to mention that she could understand why all those Mexicans were desperate to get into the States if that's what they had to eat at home! Owl, being of the same mind, happened to mention that there was a chippy round the corner. And it was as they greasy-fingered the old cod and chips down that he came up with his only chat-up line: "How'd you like to model for *Men Only?*" But it all went wrong, because she said: "Yes." A scenario he wasn't equipped to handle (34-22-36).



YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

THREESOME THRILLS

The last time my husband went to the States on business, I had an affair. I went out for a drink with a girlfriend one night, and while she was in the loo a chap came up to me and said he liked the way I looked. I was so surprised and flattered, I scribbled my number on the back of his Marlboro packet. And when I got home, at way past midnight – surprise, surprise – the phone was ringing . . .

It promised to be a classic one-night-stand. Because I knew Ken and we would surely never see each other again, I really dolled myself up. While I waited for him to arrive for our late-night rendezvous, I changed into black silk stockings and my shiniest, highest-heeled black patents. I pinched my nipples to make them hard and shoehorned my boobs into the (indecently!) brief black bra I wore on the first night of my honeymoon. I even smoothed a dab of KY Jelly on to my pussy so that, when he felt inside my panties, he'd think I was just *incredibly* hot for his prick. But when the doorbell rang, I was in for a shock.

"What's going on?" I said when I opened the door and saw Ken standing there. "I never said you could bring a friend."

Fearful of arousing my neighbours' attention, I let Ken and his leering sidekick into my flat.

"Give us a kiss, sweetheart," said Ken, appreciably more drunk than when we'd fixed our date. A trifle apprehensively, I embraced him and put his lips to mine. He pushed his tongue into my mouth and lowered his hands from my waist to my bottom.

"No, please!" I gasped, as he pulled my skirt up around my rear.

"Go on, you're loving it," he grinned, grabbing a fistful of knicker and pulling it up between my bottom cheeks.

"But your friend," I panted. "What about him?"

"Don't you worry about me, darling," Ken's friend whispered from behind. "I'll be no trouble at all, honest I won't . . ."

I heard the brief jangle of a belt buckle. Then a second pair of hands seized my bare hips and a hard, hot cock was jabbed against my bottom.

"Ever wondered how it feels, being the meat in a sex sandwich?" grinned Ken as he unbuttoned my blouse. "Christ, what fucking gorgeous tits – nipples the size of thimbles!"

"Fucking gorgeous arse, and all," came the voice from behind. "Just the kind I like to feast my eyes on while I'm fucking in the doggie position . . ."

"Boys," I said, as they crudely manhandled me, front and back, "I think I need a drink."

In the lounge, we worked our way through a bottle of Chivas Regal in virtual silence, the boys stroking their cocks as they ogled the moist, taut bulge of my panties. How marvellously sluttish I felt, sitting there in an armchair with my long, black-stockinged legs spread wide and draped over the padded leather arms.

"Look at her, she's fucking begging for it," drooled Ken, massaging spit into his knob.

"Maybe I am," I purred, opening

Ken's middle finger alighted on my clitoris – which by now was hot and throbbing and desperate for attention.

my panties and spreading the lips of my sex. "Listen, why don't you boys strip off completely and come sit either side of me?"

By now the fiery booze had washed away the last vestiges of my nervous apprehension. I needed seeing to, pure and simple.

"Help me with this bra, somebody . . ."

Things quickly became very earthy and basic. Grabbing a tit each, Ken and Steven perched on the chair arms beside me and thrust their enormous cocks into my mouth. I worked up as much dribble as I could to moisten their knobs, and while I sucked and slurped and effected a synchronised wank, Ken's middle finger ploughed a furrow through my thick black pubes and alighted on my clitoris – which by now was hot and throbbing and desperate for attention.

"Kinky bitch!" Ken gloated, sniffing his fingertips. "She's got KY on her cunt. And just when I wanted to go down on her!"

"It'd take more than that to put me off," grunted his lecherous pal. So saying, he withdrew his knob from my mouth and positioned himself on the carpet between my outstretched legs. I reached for my glass and emptied a trickle of the precious whisky over my pouting sex.

"Fancy another drink?" I said.

The sensation of Steven's hot tongue wiggling in and out of my pussy was so superbly sensual, I sucked Ken off until my mouth was so full, his cum dribbled from the corners of my mouth.

"Fuck it!" he exclaimed, cursing himself for his eagerness. I smeared his spunk into my lipstick and spread the crimson goo all over my cheeks.

"Don't worry yourself, pet," I panted, Steven still lapping like crazy between my thighs, "we've got all night."

They took me to bed and used me like a £50 call girl, Ken taking great pleasure in doing me in the doggie position while watching me gobble his friend. How did I know he was watching me suck? Because his lustful gaze was reflected in the wall mirror . . .

But my personal preference was squatting on Steven's wonderfully long, thick prick and having his partner stand behind me with his powerful arms linked around my waist, bouncing me up and down on it until I climaxed.

I rushed home from work the following night, keen to be with my husband again. For some strange reason he seemed to be incredibly uptight.

"Your friend Laura just phoned," he scowled. "She saw you giving your phone number to some bloke at Vino's. And I found these knickers under a chair in the front room. Do you make a habit of putting KY Jelly on your fanny when go out drinking?"

I was horrified, lost for words. That fucking cow . . .

"Show me!" stormed Matthew.

"Go on, you little slut – into the bedroom with you and get your skirt off and your knickers down!"

"Please, Matthew," I whimpered, dropping my skirt and stumbling backwards on to the bed, "I couldn't help myself. You know how randy I get. Oh, Matthew . . ."

My husband scrambled out of his clothes, pulled my panties aside and started to wank. His cock was frighteningly erect.

"You're my wife, not a fucking shagbag!" he panted, probing my cunny with his calloused fingers. "Well – what have you got to say for yourself?"

I rolled over on to my hands and knees and spread the cheeks of my bottom. Whatever he had in mind for me, there was no denying I thoroughly deserved it.

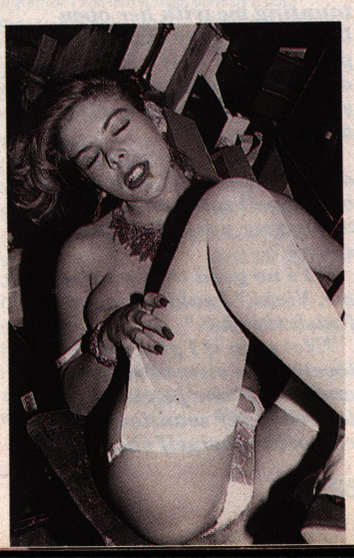
"Go on, tell me about it!" he panted, as he started shagging me. "Every sordid detail. Go on, slut – every minute, pornographic detail!"

It was almost an hour of frantic, frenzied fucking before my sweat-soaked husband collapsed on top of me.

"Of course, what you *really* deserve is a sound spanking," he said, goosing my bottom as I snuggled up to him.

"Doesn't every naughty girl?" I purred.

Hannah, Stafford.



NO HANG-UPS

My name's Pauline, I'm 22 years of age and bisexual. I lived with my boyfriend until the end of last year, but when I met Vicki – an irresistibly cute, doll-like blonde – I fell head over heels in love with her. Unsurprisingly, my boyfriend was enraged at being upstaged by a female and gave me just one week to find some place else to live. Vicki's studio flat was way too small, so we had no choice but to rake up the deposit for a bigger flat – and an utterly bare, desolate place it turned out to be. But for all the discomfort, we were together at long last – and deliriously happy.

One Saturday afternoon, decorating our bedroom-to-be, Vicki took a break from sanding the floor to open a bottle of wine.

"Cor, I don't half fancy a wank," she giggled, looking up my skirt as I stood on the step-ladder, wallpapering.

"Be my guest," I sighed, trying to ignore her. But it was almost impossible to concentrate, what with her taunting me with her open legs and skimpy black panties. And only Vicki would dream of wearing black stockings and high heels for decorating . . .

"Ooh, look," she giggled, dipping her hand in a bucket of Polycell solution, "this wallpaper paste feels just like spunk."

"It's no good trying to tempt me, Vicki," I said, "I've got to finish this job."

"Not even if I give you a lovely rude view of my bum and cunt?" she persisted, lowering her scanties and contorting herself obscenely. I pretended to ignore her.

Vicki left the room in a huff – or so I assumed. But a few seconds later she returned, holding something behind her back. Again, she sat with her legs akimbo at the base of the step-ladder. Still I ignored her.

"Oh fuck!" she squealed. "I've gone and accidentally spilled this bucket of wallpaper paste all over my arse and fanny. And look, Pauline – the biggest banana I could find!"

Looking for all the world like she'd been spermed over by a thousand men, Vicki gleefully pushed the banana up her pussy, mischievously stirring it around inside her as I gawked in disbelief.

"Told you I was horny," she drooled. "Come on down, Pauline, come on down . . ."

Only an inch or so of banana protruded from my lover's honeypot. Instead of fucking her with it – which I presume was what she had in mind – I split the tip and pulled the two strips of skin back over the fruit. Then, pushing one strip of skin between her buttocks and the other over her pubic mound, the pulpy fruit slowly (and incredibly sensuously) emerged from her pussy.

As the last few inches of banana slithered from Vicki's cunt, I replaced it with three of my fingers, at which Vicki sighed, lay back on the sawdusty floor and drew her knees up into her bosom.

"Make me come with your fingers," she panted, slopping wallpaper paste over my pumping hand. "Then take your knickers off and turn round on me."

The sawdust seemed to stick to Vicki's slippery arse like fluff to a toffee, but thrashing around with our faces glued to each other's cunts, we were far too turned on to see the funny side of things. She came by squatting astride my mouth and frigging herself, using yet more wallpaper paste as a lubricant.

Somehow I figure Vicki and I are going to get on fine – though when we'll get that bedroom papered is anyone's guess!

Pauline, Camberwell.

It was impossible to concentrate, what with her taunting me with her open legs and skimpy black panties. Only Vicki would dream of wearing black stockings and high heels for decorating . . .

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In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
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SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call **0898 300 816 (A)**

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call **0898 300 816 (D)**

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call **0898 300 813 (A)**

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Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on **0898 700 355 (D)**

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call **0898 700 368 (B)**

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call **0898 700 387 (C)**

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call **0898 300 813 (D)**

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on **0898 700 358 (B)**

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Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call **0898 300 811 (A)**

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Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call **0898 300 811 (D)**

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call **0898 300 813 (E)**

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call **0898 100 447 (D)**

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on **0898 700 357 (C)**

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number **0898 700 368 (E)**

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on **0898 100 447 (A)**

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on **0898 300 814 (C)**

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on **0898 700 367 (D)**

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call **0898 700 368 (A)**

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on **0898 300 819 (C)**

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on **0898 100 432 (B)**

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call **0898 300 818 (D)**

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient ! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on **0898 100 487 (B)**

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on **0898 300 818 (A)**

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I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

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Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other **0898 300 811 (B)**

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In **0898 700 355 (E)**

Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping **0898 700 355 (A)**

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You **0898 700 368 (C)**

Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us **0898 300 814 (D)**

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You **0898 300 816 (C)**

Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party **0898 700 355 (B)**

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties **0898 100 432 (A)**

Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You **0898 100 465 (A)**

Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience **0898 300 814 (E)**

Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please **0898 100 465 (D)**

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me **0898 100 449 (C)**

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) **0898 300 859 (D)**

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk **0898 300 820 (B)**
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It **0898 300 820 (C)**
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) **0898 300 859 (E)**

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk **0898 300 820 (A)**
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) **0898 300 857 (C)**

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin **0898 300 820 (E)**
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) **0898 300 859 (A)**

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) **0898 300 859 (B)**

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics **0898 300 859 (C)**
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) **0898 300 820 (D)**

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) **0898 300 867 (C)**

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her **0898 300 867 (A)**
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) **0898 300 857 (D)**

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out **0898 300 857 (A)**
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde **0898 300 857 (B)**
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) **0898 300 867 (D)**

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) **0898 300 867 (B)**

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) **0898 300 857 (E)**

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THE SEXHIBITIONIST

I knew life was going to get interesting when I moved in with David, and – sure enough – the sex was just out of this world. He'd keep me up until two or three in the morning with his fantastic lovemaking, with the result that I'd arrive at the office in the morning feeling tired out and with horrid bags under my eyes. The girls were really jealous!

David was a real boozer and every weekend was party time. His parties were always very popular with his colleagues and drinking partners, and not just because the flat was continually awash with booze. No, I was something of a lush myself in those days, and the festivities invariably culminated in me stripping down to my undies and high heels, and then prickteasing the boys until they were in such a state they'd have to go to the bathroom and wank away their frustration!

As our live-in relationship continued, so our weekend parties became more outrageous. Gradually, booze became simply a means to an end – and once my inhibitions disappeared, so did my panties! Married couples took the place of David's boozy pals, and we'd engage in frantic sex on the floor while they stood around staring and touching one another up.

I won't deny there was a kinky element to our sex displays. I got a real buzz from acting the slut in front of an audience, and one night – kneeling on the kitchen floor in just my white stockings and suspender belt, sucking David's cock while he stood there playing with my tits – I heard some sneering female mutter: "God, what a whore!"

Don't ask me why, but it really turned me on, being verbally abused with David's great big dick in my mouth. And all I had to do, in order to experience a fantastic orgasm, was briefly rub my thighs together. With my make-up all buggered up and cum trickling down my cheeks, I turned to face the sarcastic cow in question – who by now was so 'shocked and disgusted', she was standing there with her skirt up, holding her knickers open and frigging herself silly!

Fucking and sucking in front of an audience was hugely erotic for us both, but when David confessed he'd

like to see me 'perform' with another guy, I wasn't too keen.

"Please," I remember him saying, "it would really turn me on."

I kissed him and said: "Well, you'd better get me good and stoned, then."

Some sixth sense told me David already had a 'stud' in mind, and I won't deny I experienced a pleasant twitch in my knickers when he blushed (cute!) and confessed he'd often fantasised about me screwing Kenny, the body shop manager at his garage – and one of the hunkiest black guys I had ever set eyes on.

"It'll look amazing," he drooled as I cuddled up next to him in bed, sucking him off. "A great big black one sliding in and out of your little blonde pussy . . ."

It was obvious David wanted to go the whole pornographic route with me, but I had to wait till the night of the party to discover just how far he wanted me to go. A ferocious-looking female in a tight black miniskirt and beat-up biker jacket arrived at around midnight, unaccompanied. One of David's chums made a vaguely sarcastic comment, and to his (and most everyone else's) horror she grabbed him by his tie and hissed: "One more remark like that and I'll put you through the effing window!" And as if that wasn't bad enough, she turned to me and winked! But more of Kathy in a moment . . .

David decided the logical venue for Kenny and my sex display was the bedroom. I wore virgin-white scanties to compliment my pale skin and blonde hair, while Kenny stripped to reveal a black nylon posing pouch which looked for all the world as though he'd stuffed a length of salami down it!

At least 20 people stood around the bed as Kenny and I started necking. His body was lean and lovely and his buttocks were so tight and muscular, I couldn't resist digging my nails into them as he slipped out of his pouch and wriggled between my thighs.

Once my inhibitions disappeared, so did my panties . . . And all I had to do, in order to experience a fantastic orgasm, was briefly rub my thighs together.

But first I sucked him, peeling back his foreskin and salivating over his knob until he was panting with pleasure. He was all of 10ins long – and nearly as thick as my wrist.

Kenny lay back on the bed and I lowered myself on to his cock, my back to him and my legs spread so that the stiff-pricked onlookers could marvel over the spectacle of his glistening, ebony-coloured shaft protruding from my cunt.

Which was when Kathy emerged on the scene, stripped to her stockings and (rubber) suspender belt. Oh my God . . .

"Stay like that, I want to lick that gorgeous pussy," she announced, and – not the slightest bit put off by Kenny's huge prick inside me – proceeded to suck my nipples and rub my clit.

The more this kinky couple played with me, the more mare-like my sexual appetite became. I got down on my hands and knees to let Kenny take me doggie-style, and Kathy wriggled under my belly in order to tongue my button. I responded by burying my face between her thighs and licking her out, which – with Kenny's massive erection being humped into me from the rear – was more than enough to have me coming time and time again.

"Well, how did I look?" I asked David, when we were finally alone together. "Do you reckon I'd make a living from blue movies?"

David said nothing, pulling my panties down and fucking me long and slow and telling me never to leave him. Kind of a shame, then, he left me for another woman – but men never know when they're on to a good thing, do they?

Candy, London W.12.

Tacky Crap Roadshow

Antiques expert, ***Hugh Scruffy****, takes a piece of modern crap that might just be worth a fortune in years to come, but probably won't...*

Now here 's a fascinating piece of automata from the early 1990s. From the marks on the base I'd estimate that it was made between four and four-thirty in the afternoon on Wednesday of last week, although it's hard to be more accurate than that. Obviously one of a set, if I'm not mistaken it comes from the F Hinds jewellery and horology stable. Known as the *Rock 'n' Roll Chick Alarm Clock*, it's a timepiece of some delicacy, beautifully crafted and inlaid in plastic to form part of a guitar played by a big white chicken.

But what makes this remarkable item so popular with collectors is its unique chime. No mere bell or buzzer sounds when the alarm goes off, but instead, issuing from the bright yellow beak come the words "Wow! Hey baby! Wake up! Come on, dance with me!"

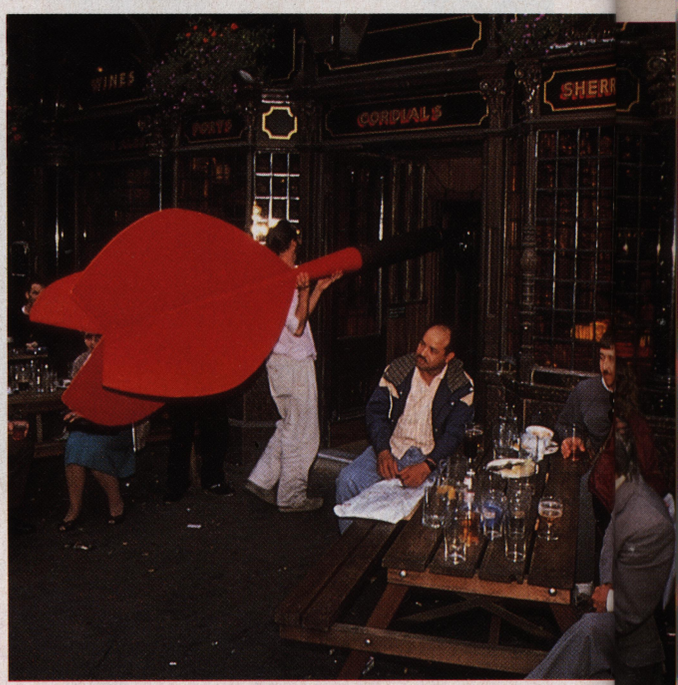
What a delight to see; a superb precision piece of engineering so typical of the late half of the 20th century. You know I've been doing the Roadshow for about three minutes now and I would have to say that this is, without doubt, the best timepiece of its type I've ever come across.

What's it worth? Well, if you're lucky enough to spot one, a dealer will expect around £34.95, but of course it's worth a lot more to the true connoisseur of complete crap. Personally I wouldn't give it house room, but that's because I've got one already.

Avid collectors might like to know the others in this series are a cat that plays reveille on the bugle and shouts "Wake up, rise and shine!" and a golfer who cries, "Wake up, you're going to miss your teetime. Time to drop a new ball!" And if that doesn't turn you into a murdering bastard on the bus to work, then nothing will. ♣

Three dodgy tickers — a boring bugler, gross golfer and an irritating chicken

NUTTER'S CORNER



Ever wondered who's got the biggest prick in London? *(Me, me! —The Ed.)* Well, as you can see from these exclusive pictures that's an accolade that goes to 'environmental artist' John Powers — and it's at least 1200 inches long! *(Ed looks inside his trousers goes bright red and then scuttles off to the toilet with a piece of string and a 6lb weight.)*

Of course, you may have gathered by now that when we say 'prick' we aren't actually referring to that small, pink thing that dangles reduntantly between your legs. We are referring to a different sort of prick altogether.

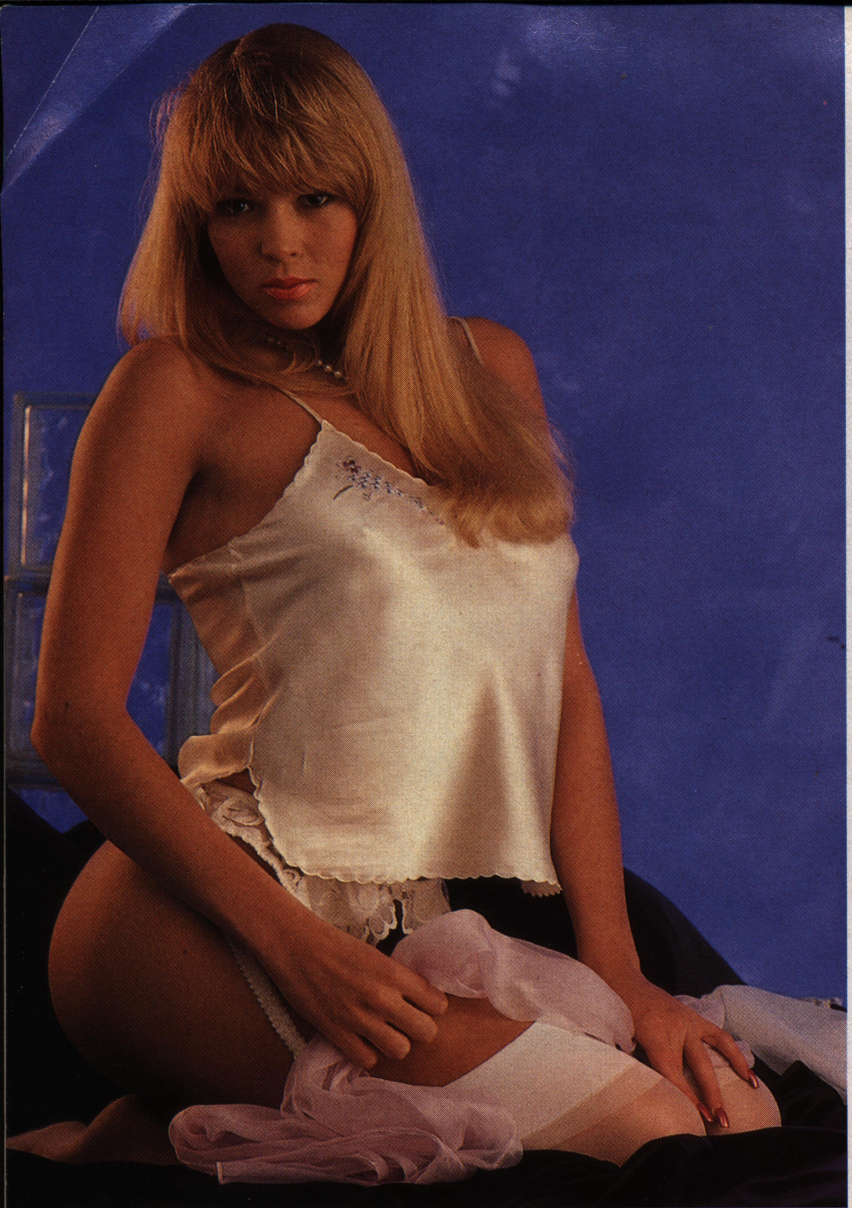
John Powers, whose previous exploits include sticking a four foot long Elastoplast over the crumbling Berlin Wall, is a man who knows all about pricks. After all what exactly *do* you call a man who wanders around Central London with a 15 foot long dart? When quizzed on why he was being photographed outside such salubrious locations as The Stock Exchange, Trafalgar Square

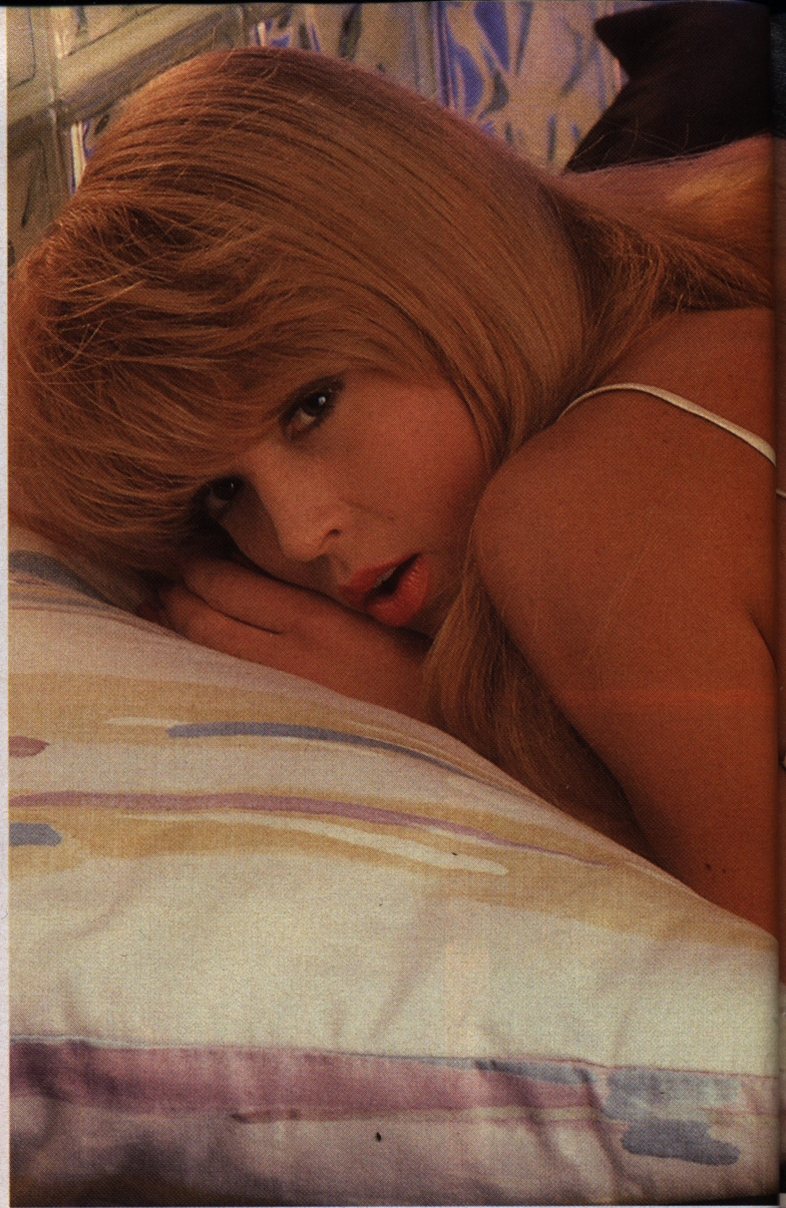
and Downing Street, our eccentric friend abruptly replied, "I'm making a point, of course!"

Of course you are John. Now just put this luverly white jacket on, and step inside this quaint yellow van, purlease!! ♣

cassie

Photographs by Scott Evans





"I work as a life-model at my local art college," 19-year-old Cassie told us proudly when she came to do this, her very first set for Club.

"It all started off as a bit of a joke about a year ago. The fella I was seeing at the time was studying for a Fine Arts degree, and he was always going on about how tasty the models looked. One week, I thought it would be a real laugh if I turned up in place of the usual girl who poses naked.

"His jaw hit the ground when I

walked in! Once he'd picked himself off up the floor, his hand was shaking far too much for him to draw — the poor guy had to disappear into the toilets!

"Mind you," Cassie laughed, "none of the other students seemed to mind one little bit!"

Yep, being naughty is a real art, eh Cassie!♣

frying high!

Try flying a balsawood crate through desert air heated to 150° and you'll agree that - it's really rather dangerous and stupid!

If you're planning a trip across 3000 miles of the Sahara, we suggest you fly. But not in one of these - unless you like building sandcastles for several days whilst you're waiting to be rescued.

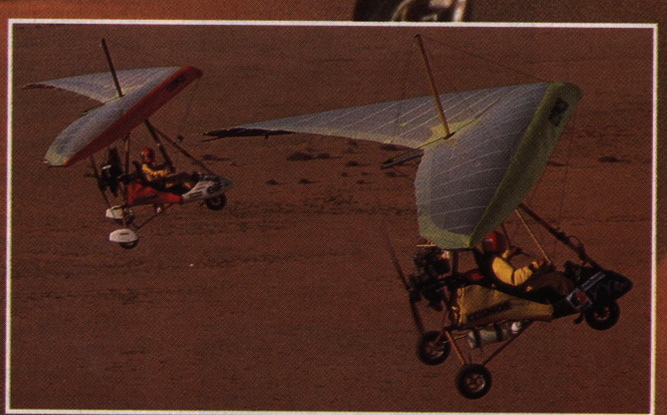
These bits of bolted-together balsawood are called microlight aircraft, and last year their daredevil owners and pilots decided to attempt a crossing of the world's most dangerous desert on the Trans Sahara Air Marathon. Thirty-three of these fragile flying machines took off from Bou Saada in Algeria. Five days later, only half of them remained, and after a total of 2900 air miles, only ten turned up at the finish. This is hardly surprising as these aircraft are powered by little more than lawnmower engines, and some legs of the race were over 300 miles long. Other competitors, like the Cosmos team, just got lost.

All the pilots were backed up by support teams on the ground, ranging from big company-sponsored ones such as the Winston cigarette team to a few friends with a truck. All had to travel for ten to twelve hours a day over the rough, scorching desert terrain in pursuit of their pilot, ready to make repairs or refuel their colleague's craft.

Despite the obvious dangers, there were no fatalities on the race (though one pilot died when he crashed his microlight shortly after the event). The organisers hope that the Trans Sahara Air Marathon will become an annual event, like its famous land-based predecessor the Paris-Dakar Rally. However, it's expected that the technical rules will be toughened to discourage seat-of-the-pants flyers, leaving the marathon to the bigger, better equipped teams. But many individual microlight enthusiasts with a masochistic taste for danger say that they are more than happy to pit themselves and their tiny craft against the searing heat and vast distances.

Even mad Club editor looney Lord Bleach was considering building a microlight to compete in next year's marathon, but fortunately for potential pilot Dominant Amy Dowse the superglue has gone missing.♣

WEEDHOPPER
JACQUET
989
ACQUET



ƆCRLAC

confessions of a

reader's wife

"I love to squeeze another woman's boobs"

My name's Julie and I'm going to be straight with all you *Raz* readers from the start. I've been very happily married for five years — but I also love lezzie sex. My hubby doesn't know — yet — but I've got to confess my secret lesbo fun to someone. And who better than *Razzle*?

I first found out that I love to squeeze another woman's soft boobs and bury my face in her minge when I was 20 and I was seduced by my female tutor at college. That opened my eyes to how much fun a bit of lezzie sex on the side can be. So when my friend Katie confessed to me one night when we were a bit drunk that she really fancied the idea of being expertly licked out by a girl, I decided to show her just how good it can be.

Both Katie and I are petite and curvy, but while I'm blonde and a bit outrageous, Katie's a redhead. Her hair is beautiful: it's thick and wavy, and I often wondered secretly if her pubic hair would look the same. I imagined running my hands through those flame coloured curls before snaking my tongue to the plump lovelips further down, and settling on the little button of her clitty until she screamed in ecstasy.

Naturally after all these fantasies, I was delighted that she should make the suggestion. One night when hubs was out, I invited her round. I cooked her a meal and we shared a bottle of wine, and pretty soon my shy friend was relaxed enough for me to proceed with her initiation.

"What do I do?" she asked, all wide-eyed.

"Nothing, I'll do everything," I told her. She sat on the sofa with her wine glass in her hand and her shapely legs crossed. She'd made a real effort to look good — and it had paid off. The lacy tops of her sheer black stockings were clearly visible under her short skirt, and under her tight black top, I could see the soft mounds of her boobs.

First I treated her to a strip. Standing before her, I unzipped my tight black dress and let it fall to the floor. Underneath I wore a lacy bra and a tiny white G-string which barely concealed my blonde bush. Katie stared in amazement. She had obviously never seen a woman strip before.

It was very exciting to watch her reaction. I ran my hands over my body, squashing and kneading my boobs together, and swiftly juicing up between my legs. I sat on the chair arm opposite her and opened my legs so that she could see my pink lovelips swell, and watch as my finger dipped into my sticky hole.

Shivers ran up and down my spine as I played with my clitty in front of her. I closed my eyes as the first of several orgasms rushed

My Sticky Hole

over me, and when I opened my eyes, I saw that Katie had taken off her top and skirt and was sitting opposite me in her black basque and stockings. Her long red hair fell over her shoulders, and round the edges of her knickers I could see wisps of delicious flame-red hair.

I told her to lie back on the sofa and open her legs. I started with her face and neck, planting little kisses all over her, then worked my way to her lovely pert boobs. Her nipples poked into my mouth as I sucked on them, and Katie moaned and arched her back. I slipped a finger between her legs and found that the crotch of her knickers was soaked with lovejuice, and I rubbed my fingertip along the material. Her hard clitty poked against my fingers and I circled it.

This was almost too much for Katie to bear and she cried out, "Fuck me, finger-fuck me, Julie!" I had every intention of it, but not quite yet. I kissed her all the way down to the top of her knickers, and slipped them off, burying my lips in the soft red hair. Her hips moved against me and she thrust her pussy mound into my face, so I got a mouthful of her sweet-smelling juice. The taste and smell of her nearly had me coming again, and I pushed my tongue deeper between her cunt lips. It was warm and wet. I teased around the edge of her pussy, then thrust my tongue into her as far as I could, again and again, until Katie screamed and her pussy walls spasmed so strongly they gripped my tongue!

But one orgasm wasn't enough. I wanted Katie to have dozens of them. Just as she was beginning to relax after the first wave, I sank first one then two fingers deep into her, pressing her clitty with my thumb at the same time. I wriggled my fingers around inside her as I thrust, making sure I touched every sensitive spot and she writhed against me.

At last she fell back exhausted. I was still eager for more, but hubs was due back at any time, and I wasn't sure what he'd think of catching his wife with her fingers up her best friend's fanny. Since then we've had loads of steamy sessions together. Now we want to get the blokes involved and have the sexiest foursome ever!

Julie, Manchester

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"My fingers found their way down to my fanny"

Hi, remember me, cheeky Cheryl from the cafe? A few months ago I told you all about what happened when I was left alone to mind the cafe one afternoon. Sex was on the menu that day, naturally!

I guess you've realised by now what a horny bitch I am, but it's not my fault. It's just that my fanny needs constant attention! Luckily I don't have much trouble chatting guys up, because none of them seem to be able to keep up with my demands for long... which is why I always have to have a couple of them on the go at once!

Usually I manage to keep my dates apart, so they don't suspect the others' existance, but one night recently I got a bit muddled, and suddenly realised I'd invited two different fellas round to my place for a bit of fun. My mate Cathy thought it was hilarious, but she came up with a rather novel idea for getting round the problem.

"Let's just pretend it's a double date," she giggled. "Both of them will assume the other guy's with me — and that way I might get a bit of a romp too!"

I could see a major flaw in this plan — what if both of them tried to snog me at the same time or

Sexy Stocking Tops

something? — but Cathy insisted it would work. What the hell, I thought. At least things could get interesting!

Cathy and I really tarted ourself up for the night ahead. I must admit seeing her in a skin-tight mini which didn't even cover her sexy stocking tops, and a T-shirt which hugged her big bra-less boobs, got my pussy juicing up no end. I fancied a bit of a frig, but I decided to try to save myself for the fellas!

Jim and Tony turned up on the doorstep at exactly the same time (I do like my dates to be punctual, even if I keep them waiting for hours!), and when Cathy and I flung the door open their eyes nearly popped out. They couldn't wait to come in and get snuggled up with the pair of us on the sofa.

Of the two of them, I guessed Tony was the more game, so I whispered to Cathy to take him on while I kept Jim happy. Tony did look a bit surprised when he felt Cathy's hand stroking his broad thigh, but he didn't seem terribly inclined to stop her, especially when I grinned approvingly at the pair of them. Meanwhile, I was wriggling my hand up Jim's leg towards the promising bulge in his jeans. I hadn't tried him out yet, and I couldn't wait much longer!

I decided it was time I did something to move the evening's entertainment on a bit. I tipped my drink down my top, trying not to giggle so nobody would realise I'd done it on purpose.

"Oh, look what I've done," I wailed. "I'll have to take my top off now — I'm all wet!" And with that I peeled off my dripping T-shirt. I wasn't wearing a bra, and the other three stared goggle-eyed at my huge tits. My nipples were already standing out hard in anticipation of a bit of attention.

"You dirty cow, Cheryl," giggled Cathy. "You just love showing off your tits! Well, if you can do it, I can too!" Seconds later, her top had joined mine on the floor, and the lucky guys were staring at two pairs of lovely, big, bouncy boobs.

The funny thing was, now I was getting another good look at Cathy's tits, I'd forgotten it was all supposed to be for Jim and Tony's benefit. Rubbing my fingertips over my nipples until they tingled like crazy, I began to wonder if Cathy's fanny was getting as hot and wet as mine. Well, there was only one way to find out...

Kneeling on the floor in front of her, I spread her legs apart and rolled her skirt right up so her thighs were completely exposed above her stocking tops. Then I pulled the lamp over so it was shining right on her curly brown bush, giving me a lovely view of her pussy lips. Mmm, she looked nice and wet.

Cathy giggled as I plunged my tongue into her sticky cunt, but

the giggle turned to a squeal of pleasure as my tongue hit her sensitive clitty. I looked up to see what effect this was having on the fellas. They'd stopped looking gobsmacked — now they just

A Good Rub

looked plain bloody randy!

As I returned my attention to Cathy's creaming cunt, Jim gave up the struggle with his libido, pulled out his dick and started to give it a good rub. Tony followed suit. My fingers found their way down to my fanny, pulled aside my skimpy knickers and wriggled right into my love tunnel. The more I licked Cathy, the juicier my own pussy got, and I reckoned it was a toss-up which of us came first.

Just as I felt the first spasms of my own climax, Cathy moaned loudly and grabbed the back of my head, holding me tightly against her fanny as she came.

As us girls recovered, lying back and grinning at each other, Tony and Jim offered us one hard cock each to suck. Cathy winked at me, and I knew it was a challenge to see who could bring their fella off fastest. I sucked on Jim's big dick, flicking my tongue down the shaft and around his throbbing helmet until he shot his creamy load of spunk right down my throat. I'd beaten Cathy, but only just. As I watched, Tony pulled his dick out of her mouth and spunked all over her tits. Guess who got to lick it off!

Well, as double dates go, that was more fun than most... which is why we've planned another foursome for tonight. I can't wait!

Cheryl, Sunderland

CHESTNUT CORNER

Q: What has 80 pages of fun and hands out fivers for a laugh?
A: ***Razzle.***
Send 'em to: Chestnut Corner, *Razzle*, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

★Q: What's the difference between a Porsche and a porcupine?
A: With the porcupine, the pricks are on the outside.

★Q: What's the definition of a kiss?
A: An upper persuasion for a lower invasion.

★Q: Why aren't elephants allowed on the beach?
A: They can't keep their trunks up.

★Q: What is an elephant's sexual organ?
A: His foot. When he steps on you, you're fucked!
Harold, London

"Do you sell blow-up dogs?"

★An old lady was walking down the street on a windy day, holding her hat on with both hands, while her skirt blew up round her waist. A young man asked her why she was holding her hat rather than keeping herself decent.
"Well, sonny," she said, "what I'm showing down there is 85 years old now, but this hat is brand new!"

★On the first night of their honeymoon, a Chinese man and woman were getting into bed when the man said, "Darling, how about a 69?"
She replied, "Forget it. No way am I cooking you anything at this time of night!"
Carrie, Sheffield

SALLY SOLVES IT

Sexual hangups, fantasies or anxieties? Write to: Sally Solves It, Razzle Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Shaving's a Sore Point

Dear Sally,
I would love to shave my pussy and I know this would please my husband. I've tried in the past — I've cut the hair first with scissors, then used an electric ladyshave, my husband's electric shaver, and even a wet shave, but all without success.
The problem is that after shaving I'm left with a bit of a rash that lasts about a week. I hope you can give me some advice on how to get a nicely-shaved pussy without this side-effect — I can't wait to see it all smooth and sexy! — Diana, Hants.

Sally Says: *It sounds to me as if you are going at it too hard. You should be smoothing the razor over your cunt, not rubbing at it like you're trying to get a wine stain out of the carpet. Whether it's electric or cut-throat, you should run it over the folds of your fanny as gently as if it were your bloke's cock. Tease yourself with it — that's what I used to do. It takes hours! Better still, get your guy to shave you. He's used to messing about with sharp objects and creamy goo.*

Hell for Leather-Lover's Hubby

Dear Sally,
I'm a bit worried about my wife, because she's started getting really dominant. She says she wants to pin me down on our bed and have total control over my body. She's also started getting heavily into leather. It started with a biker jacket — now she wants me to get her a one-piece catsuit like Diana Rigg wore in *The Avengers!*
I'm not naturally submissive, and rather like to be the one who decides what my cock will do and when. As for her wearing high heeled boots in bed, well, she's torn two sheets and stabbed me in the bollocks several times. What are my chances of getting her back into nice lacy lingerie, and persuading her to stop squeezing my prick like she's wringing out a wash-rag? — Jeff, Lewisham

Sally Says: *Come on Jeff, don't be wimpy! Forget the torn sheets or the odd prod in the parts with a steely stiletto, let the lady have some fun! I'm a bit of a PVC fan myself, and would love to have a guy strapped to my Slumberland and under my complete command. Lie back, Jeff, and let her roam over your body, licking, sucking and squeezing what she likes. As for the leather, you might get to like the feeling of the clammy fabric up against your skin as she sucks your cock, but keep it out of the way of those heels!*

Pat'll Grab Your Bum!

Dear Sally,
Can you give me some advice. I think I'm just going to have to become a model because I can't stop flirting with fellas. He only has to be half decent looking and I'm hitching up my tight skirt, showing off my plump thighs and hoping he'll grab a handful. Trouble is, being a curvy, cuddly 40-29-38, I don't know if many of the mags would have me.
So instead, I dress in low cut blouses so my tits are bursting out of the top and short skirts that cling to my bum like a second skin. And talking of bums, they're my biggest weakness. If I see one I fancy — small and taut or firm and chunky — I can't resist giving it a pat. It gets me into terrible trouble down the pub. One girl even threatened to take me outside.
I've tried behaving like a demure lady of 35 but once I've got a few drinks inside me, it's hopeless — I'm over chatting up the blokes, giving them the full treatment. Is there a cure? — Patricia, Macclesfield

Sally Says: *Sorry, it's untreatable. Some girls are just sexier than others and crave more attention. I know — I'm one of them. Don't worry about it, Pat, you're probably one of the most popular girls down your local, so just be careful whose bum you fondle! As for your size stopping you appearing in* ***Razzle*** *— nonsense! We'd all love to see you, wouldn't we, fellas?*

She Wants a Remote-Control Cock

Dear Sally,
Some years ago I remember reading about a radio-controlled dildo that could be operated by somebody else, just like one of those model cars. I'm sure my wife would really love one, but where can I find one — or can I adapt this old radio-controlled Spitfire plane I've had since I was a kid? — Mick, Llanelli

Sally Says: *Sounds wonderful, but I've never seen one, more's the pity. Where do you put the aeriel? I suggest you ask one of those boring old farts who sit by the side of boating lakes playing with their frigates.*

Sally xx

JANINE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

Not a girl to take to your crowded local pizzarrhoea, Janine. Not that she s boring —absolutely fascinating about the breeding of camels, the sexual life of the Bedhu, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and the whirling dervishes, in fact.

Trouble is, when it comes to giving the waiters their usual gratuity (you know, top off and a friendly demonstration of nude whirling), she clears the table (42-24-37). Crash, tinkle.

'Allo 'allo, from flat-chested France! Your kajooblie gatherer has been searching in vain to find a pair of whammers in a country where the girls may be golden and delicious but they've got no tits.

It seems to me that Frenchwomen have always been *petite*. Take mournful Edith Pinpaps for one, and only a woman with no tits could have designed a Chanel suit.

As I searched high and low, I remembered the words of hope from the wise French philosopher Rene Descartes who said: "I think I saw a pair of massive bazongas therefore I am now going to follow them." However, this may have lost something in the translation into English.

It'll come as no surprise to ardent bazonga buffs to learn that this month's top tits winner was on holiday from Hull.♣

GOBBLE!

***Nathaniel Fatbastard**'s a very sick man indeed. It's time to shape up or ship out. But what exercise suits a man such as our lovable hero? Not jogging or cycling, but golf of course!*

I've never been a great one for playing with balls. At school whilst the other boys were polishing up their tackle on the football field, I was rubbing up against something much more enjoyable. When the cricket team were tickling the inside leg with a full toss, my idea of double games was fondling the prematurely prominent tits of Enormous Nora for the price of a McShitties *Wagon Wheel* (Two shillings and sixpence ha' penny). In short, I scored more than the first and second XI put together.

My hatred of games stemmed from the attitude of Bully Bulstrode the P.E. teacher, who, in our innocent childlike manner, we nick-named 'That Cunt'. He had the same kindly attitude to the athletically inept that farmers have to the runt of the litter. Once he found the skeleton in spectacles or doughnut-scoffing fat boy, he'd hone in like a weed-seeking missile to completely destroy what little credibility they'd acquired by their large collection of train numbers or gaily coloured foreign stamps. Not that I was one of those boys, though I must admit to always being one of the last to be picked for football. In fact for some years I thought my full name was "I suppose I'll have to have Nathaniel Fatbastard."

But this week, all that changed with a trip to the doctor. My insurance company, The Ephemeral Life, had insisted that I have a complete physical. This is a worrying prospect as Dr Bailey is an ex-Harley Street proctologist, known throughout the medical profession as Bailey of the Rump Hole. He's the only man I know that people run away from when he shakes your hand warmly. And he examined every inch of me... and looked glum.

"I have bad news for you, Mr Fatbastard. Very bad," he said.

"Oh God!" I replied. "Tell me, how long have I got?"

"About seven and a half inches, but that's the only bit of you that's functioning properly," he replied. "Your heart is fatter than a cheap butcher's chop and your blood/cholesterol level is so bad, the blood doesn't deserve top billing. The scan shows your kidneys look like pickled walnuts, and your lungs are so spongy they'd be better at mopping floors than holding air. You over-eat, smoke to excess and drink too much. From now on your life has to change. You need some exercise."

But what? How about swimming? Unfortunately my local pool is so small, it has taps at one end and a grill across it to hold the soap. Anyone over six foot can't swim lengths, they have to do diagonals. Squash is only for wankers who spend a fortune on designer deodorant in the office, and then another fortune working up a sweat and reeking in front of their colleagues on the court. And as for the local poncey gym, I refuse to mix with guys who've turned

CAPTAIN CASH-IN

Saviour of the skint and patron of the poor, ***Captain Cash-In*** *hears some needy cases and deals with them as only he can...*

From Chalkie of Whitechapel,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
My mate Del down at the Dog and Bone tells me the 3.30 at Kempton on Saturday is a dead cert. Can you help me with £50 for a bet?
Captain Cash-In says: *Sure thing mate! Here's £100, shove £50 on the nag for me while you're at it.*

From Millie of Croydon,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
My husband was run over by a runaway mobile video library. He's been off work for three months and is in great pain. I'd really like to cheer him up with a small present. Just £1.80 would buy two ounces of his favourite tobacco. Can you help?
Captain Cash-In says: *Well I'd like to, but I'm too tight! Tell your hubby that smoking can kill, mind you, so can walking out in front of mobile video libraries.*

From Terence of Brighton,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
I'm a student and my grant only amounts to 35p a week. I desperately need some money to buy some books to help with my studies. You're my last hope!
Captain Cash-In says: *What do you think I am, a charity or something? All you students are the bloody same, drinking, parties and wild sex orgies. Forget it!*

From Madge of Liverpool,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
I live alone in a very large house. It's so expensive to heat. Can you spare £10 for a second hand oil heater?
Captain Cash-In says: *Naaah! Why not try jogging on the spot, eh?*

From Mark of Dunstable,
Dear Captain Cash-In,
I get a bit out of breath walking from my house down to the local pub. A car would mean I could do the journey in next to no time at all. How about it, Captain?
Captain Cash-In says: *Don't I recognize your writing? Last month you claimed to be Ian from Harrow wanting a video recorder. No problem! Anything to help an old mate. £9,000 should buy you a new Escort. Happy driving Mark, or should that be Ian?* ♣

their whole body into muscle starting from the neck up. No, I needed something that suited my personality and celebrity status.

Golf, that was the answer. Sitting in the club house sipping pink gin after a swift 18 holes at St. Andrews, that would do for me.

So, after bribing a few media friends, I managed to become a member of Loyal Rhythm St Annes golf club (£2,500 a year) and got a few lessons from the pro (the only pro that's ever taught me anything I can tell you!). He taught me how to swing (a long deep stroke, swift withdrawal and keeping your eye on the ball — the Rhythm method) just in time for the Poorly Tiles Pro-Celebrity Matchplay Sudden Death Tournament.

For those of you who aren't familiar with golfing terminology, Pro Celebrity means everyone is forced to play with some fat old comic like Jimmy Fastbuck, a knackered actor such as Roger Boore, or any other showbiz giant with a potential heart condition. In such a situation, 'sudden death' seems an unfortunate phrase. But at my tournament it merely summed up the reaction of the crowd to most of Fatbuck's jokes.

I was teamed up with four other major stars — 0077-year-old actor Shorn Canary, Bruce Falsehair, the midget comic Ronnie Sorebit and limp wristed comedian Larry Gaystroke. We were all handicapped — in the case of Sorebit mentally and physically — and up against such golfing greats as Nick Faldown, Ian Boosman, Tony Jackoff and the American Godhees Strange. Straight away, on the first hole, a 558 yard par five, I had a problem — not enough clubs.

"Excuse me, Larry old chap," I asked the simpering gag bandit. "Can I borrow your No 2 iron?"

"No, sorry," he trilled. "He's looking after my Nigel whilst I'm away."

"Wooo-wooo-wooo what about mine, my love?" said Falsehair offering me one of his, each with the head protected by an old wig. I took the shot but sliced wider than a butcher with the bonk carving ham for the local tart.

"Oooooh-wooo-wooo shame, my love, shame," sympathised Falsehair. "Looks like you're into a bit of rough."

"That makes two of us, sweetie," responded the piccolo-voiced perv in the pink pully.

Sorebit's shot was equally bad but he had the advantage of not having to walk — his caddy carried him in the bag with the clubs. Brucie and the James Bond of the silent days both hit the fairway.

My second stroke had to be played from where it landed — in a cluster of sheep shit. I swung and saw five balls, four black and one white, fly into the air. Unfortunately due to a bad kiss off the brown, the dark ones landed nearer the hole than mine. Sorebit was in worse trouble. He was in a deeper bunk than Hitler. Then Falsehair made it on the green for two but lost his wig as he swung. In his hurry to hide his pate from the public, he accidentally put the divet on instead of his rug. If anything, it was more convincing. Shorn made it to within two foot of the hole. We were stirred but not shaken.

By the end of the hole, the geriatric James Bond had eagled, Brucie birdied and Sorebit buried himself. I managed to get one over. Not one over par, but one over the lady greenkeeper who tends the semi-rough at Loyal Rhythm. After a few perfect strokes, I plopped it straight in the hole.

Fuck golf, that's what I call good exercise.♣

Gutt Of The Stunt

*Our man with the massive mashie and the rigid nine iron, **Frankie Gutt**, sips a snorter at Muffin Diver's 19th hole. We don't understand it either.*

Alright me old hole-in-one-ere's? Frankie 'The Goat' Gutt here, "Voice of Sport" in North Devon's rave repository of raunch, haunch and dairy cattle, the *Exmoor Stunt* ("The tabloid with more udders per inch!").

Well, your old china Frankie has never been keen on the game of golf. In fact the last time I ventured onto a course I spent more time in a bunker than Adolf Hitler. However, when news reached Stunt HQ that America's first lady of the fairways, Muffin Diver, was visiting Doriscombe Loudleigh Golf Club to open the new gin & tonic dispenser, I jumped at the chance of an interview.

Muffin, you might remember, was recently involved in a well publicized incident at Dinglebury, where she celebrated victory in the Shitabriki Tool Parts Open by casting off her plus-fours and giving her caddy the chance to prove that he too could tap in a birdie. Naturally enough, yours truly was hoping Muffin's exuberant mood would continue, especially as I'd been granted an audience with her in the back seat of the limo that was taking her to the airport.

"Well Muffin," I says, as we settled back in the sheepskin covered seats of the big Roller, "after Dinglebury I expect you're dying to get back to it."

"Yes," says Muffin, shifting slightly and giving me a feverish flash of the delights dangling beneath her diamond-patterned jumper. "To tell you the truth I'm just itching to get my hands on the shaft of that driver."

'The Goat' has always been something of a jealous beast, and I was unable to restrain myself.

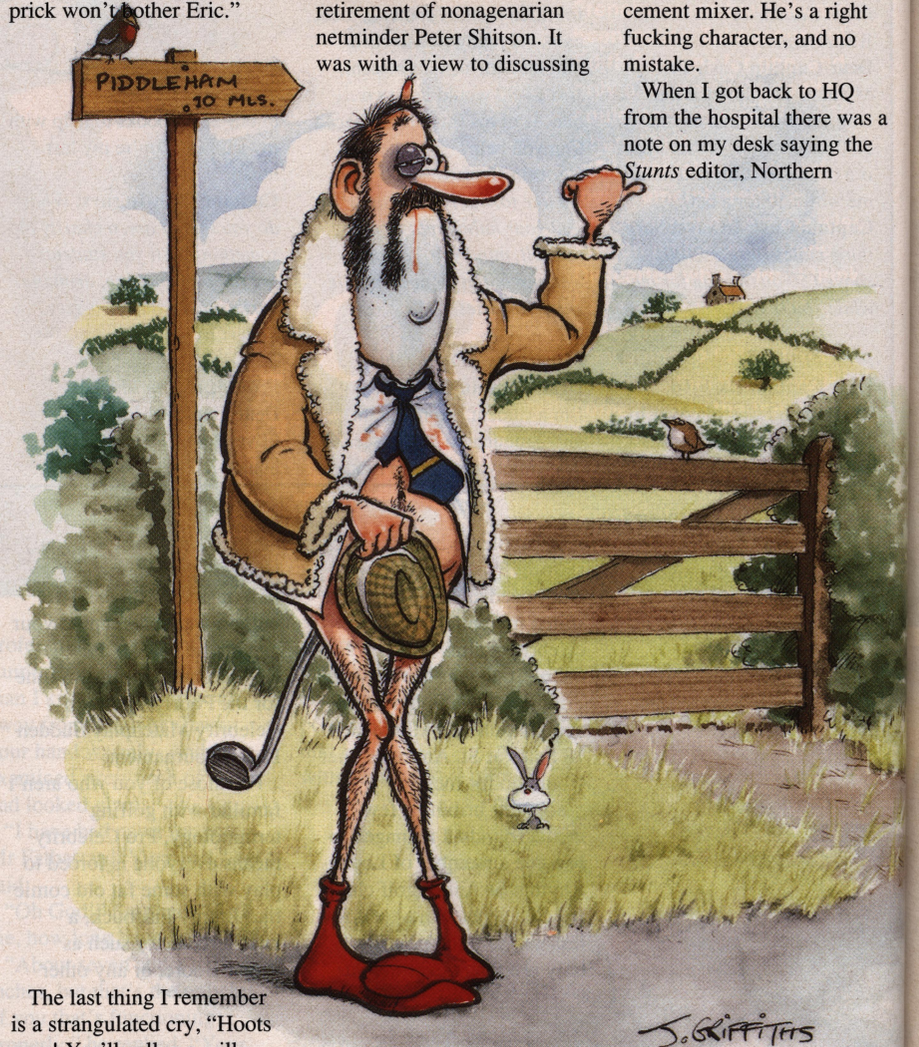
"Never mind the fucking chauffeur, darling!" I roared, dropping my draws and whipping out the old six-iron. "Try practicing your interlocking grip on this beauty!"

It's true what they say: us and the Yanks do speak a completely different language. Although the phrase "perverted old motherfucker" needed no translation.

By the time I'd picked myself out of the ditch and walked the ten miles back to Piddleham it was 7.30. So I went straight into the *Cock & Kipper* to report on the big darts match between Cornishman, Eric 'The Crafty Pasty' Bristols and the explosive little man from Lanarkshire, Jocky 'The Rocky of the Ocky' McNocky.

As the contestants warmed up, Big Eric dropped a dart into his foot. There was a murmur of consternation amongst the crowd, many of whom had sheep and turnips resting on a Cornish victory. By way of setting their minds at ease, yours truly calls out,

"Don't worry, that little prick won't bother Eric."



The last thing I remember is a strangulated cry, "Hoots mon! Yer'll calluz a willy, willya?" Then suddenly everything went black.

The following day didn't start off much better. I went down to Knob Road for a chat with Piddleham Hotspurts' chairman, hippie tie-dye tycoon, Martin Righton. The Spunkfronts are riding high at the moment having put together a record-breaking one-match unbeaten run. The many new signings have started to knit together. Only last week they completed a shawl and a pair of baby bootees.

Up front, Mo Stonecold and Diego Doner have developed an almost psychopathic understanding (and if you think I mean telepathic that's because you haven't seen them punching the shit out of one another in the centre circle). Vimto Vomit, the rutting rhino of the midfield, is fresh back from his spell in quarantine following the Spurts' return from Anchovia and has left most of his opponents carrying more stud-marks than a brood-mare's bum. The only problem facing the Spunkfronts is the impending retirement of nonagenarian netminder Peter Shitson. It was with a view to discussing his replacement that Righton had called me over.

"Frankie, man. Groovy," Righton says as I enter his plush dug-out. "Pull up a scatter cushion. What I want to relate to you about, man, is this Italian dude who was the big star of the World Cup. I'm thinking of like buying him, y'know?"

Fuck me! Schillaci for Spurts. What a story. But...

"Er, Schillaci, Mr Righton, he's a forward not a goalie."

"Cool it, Frankie," says Righton. "I'm not talking about Schillaci. I was thinking about Pavarotti."

"But he's an opera singer!"

"Far out!" says Righton, leaping up from his corduroy bean-bag. "Half-time entertainment. Better than the British Legion Flute & Bassoon Marching Band. Cheaper too. Wow! This is like a real zen happening, y'know?"

Luckily I didn't hear any more of his spaced-out slobber. At that moment Paul 'Guzzler' Gutbucket, the Spurts' Geordie joker, sneaked up behind me and hit me over the head with a cement mixer. He's a right fucking character, and no mistake.

When I got back to HQ from the hospital there was a note on my desk saying the *Stunts* editor, Northern knackerbrain Max Sackwell, wanted to see me. I went into his office to find it packed with Sackwell and his black pudding chomping buddies, Colin Swellglands and Michael 'Pokey' Pokenson.

Pokey is currently hosting a game show based on the film *Nine and a Half Weeks*. It's called *Name That Fruit*. Swellglands, meanwhile, is working on a play about the exploits of cricket's Mr Controversy, Ian 'Porky' Buttocks. The play centres around PRICC's recent tour of Australia. On one fateful night in Rubbabazooma, Buttocks placed a candle in the toilet bowl of colleague Eddie Hairy's room in a bid to give his team-mate's bum a toasting. What Buttocks didn't know was that Hairy was on a hi-fibre diet in an

IN AND OUT

IN	OUT
Banjos	Violins
Betty Boo	Marge Proops
Nights	Mornings
Semtex	Roman Candles
The Generation Game	The Word
Amanda de Cadanet	Kirsty Waugh
Standing around	Sitting on soft chairs
Davie Dodds (Aberdeen FC)	Gazza (Maxwell Hotspur)
Rabbits	Turtles
New Ice Age	Global Warming
November	3.15 pm, August 19th ♣

attempt to lose weight. In the resulting explosion Hairy became the first English off-spinner to be launched into outer space. Swellgland's play, *Hairy's Arse On Fire*, opens soon.

"Ay up, Frankie lad," says Sackwell, when he sees me come in. "What d'you think about rugby?"

"Well, Mr Sackwell," I says. "The day I enjoy watching 30 beefy solicitors wrestling in the mud is the day I'll go see a psychiatrist."

"Nay, lad. Not Rugby Union!"

"By gum, Col," says Pokey, "y'can tell yon lad's never chewed on a flat-cap butty, nor supped a pint of t'Old Weirdo."

"Aye, Pokey," says Swellglands. "As me fatha allus used to say, 'there's many a muckle twixt t'tripe an' t'yoghurt.'"

"Aye," says Sackwell. "We're talking about Rugby League. Col, Pokey an' me are thinking of getting Hull-Kingreat Bastards to come to Knob Road and play against a team of local celebrities!"

"Mr Sackwell," I says, "that's a terrific idea. I can't wait to see Mr Pokenson and Mr Swellglands laying into Celery Brutally."

At the mention of the brick-shit-house-sized superstar from Sheffield, Pokenson and Swellglands went white and there was a distinct sound of wind whistling through gussets.

"W-well, Max old chap," stammers Swellglands, "to tell the truth the old leg's been playing me up something rotten of late."

"My sympathy, old bean," says Pokey. "My back's been a gippy blighter of late. 'Fraid I'll have to take a raincheck on the rugger." And with that the pair of them sprinted out of the office at top speed.

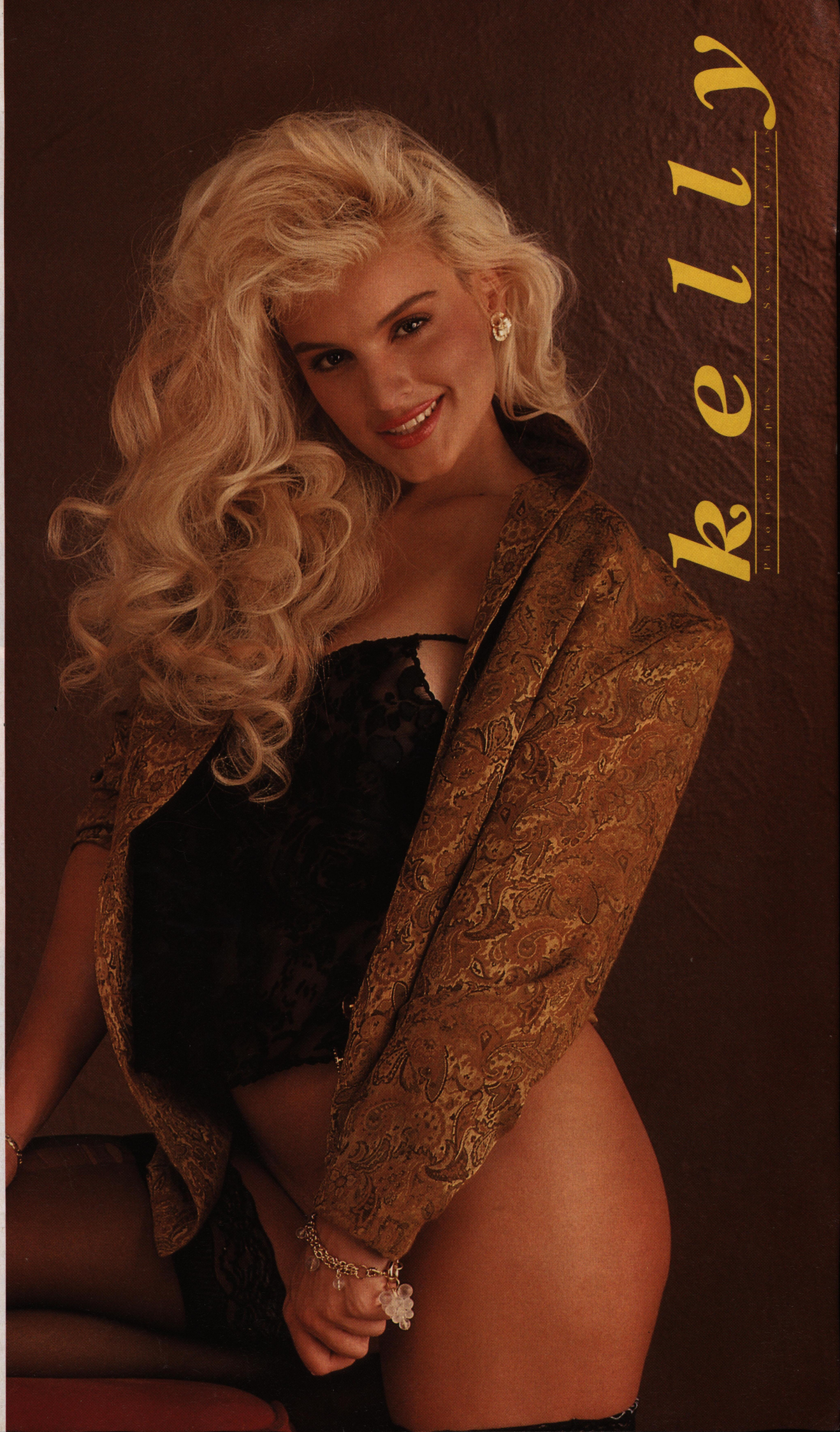
"Fuck me," says Sackwell.

"'Fraid I'll have to decline the offer, old boy," says I. "The wet weather sets the old todger twinging, don't y'know." Then I ran for it.

As me old fatha allus used to say when he come up from t'pub, 'If the North's so fucking wonderful, why does half the population of Yorkshire live in Surrey?'

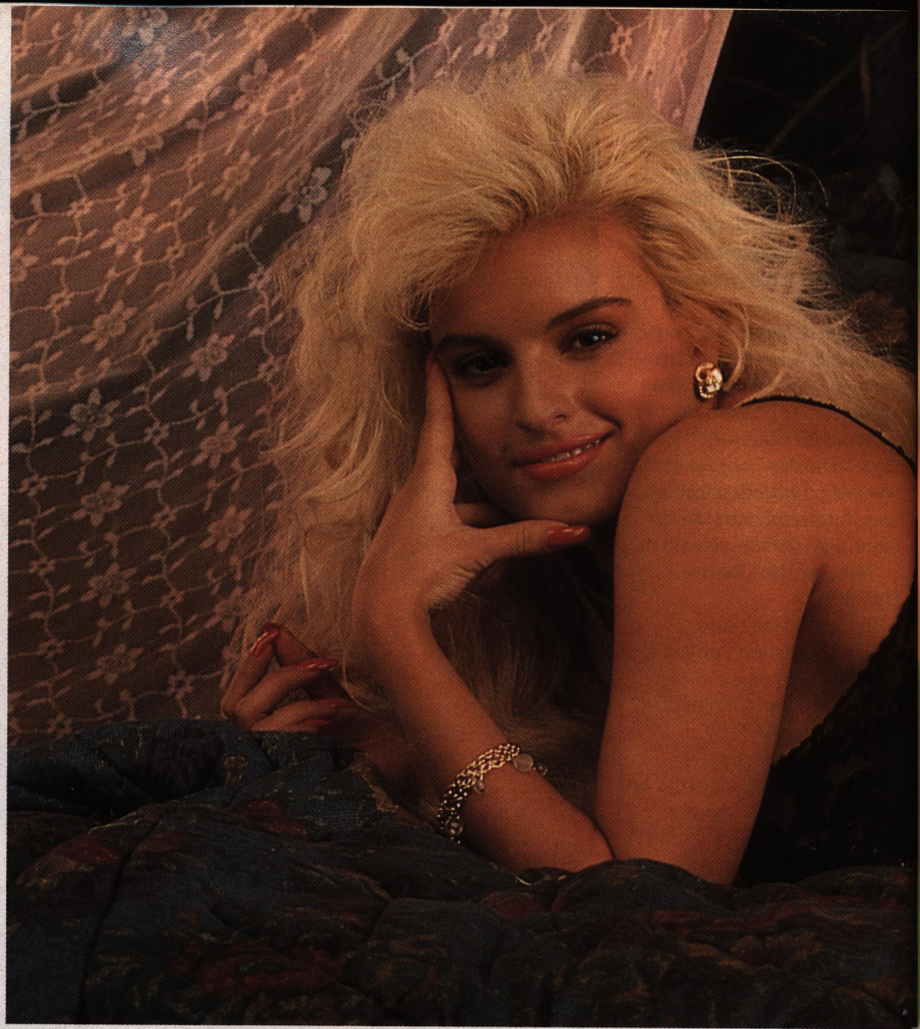
Until next time. If you go for an up-and-under, make sure it's a long one. Cheers.

— Frankie ♣



We think it's important to give our girls a say, but what could Kelly possibly come up with to tear your disbelieving eyes away from her stunning good looks, tender cheeks and perfect boobs?

"Life's so much easier being bi-sexual," declares our Basingstoke-born beauty, grabbing our attention with a smile that could melt Antarctica. "It's so relaxing knowing

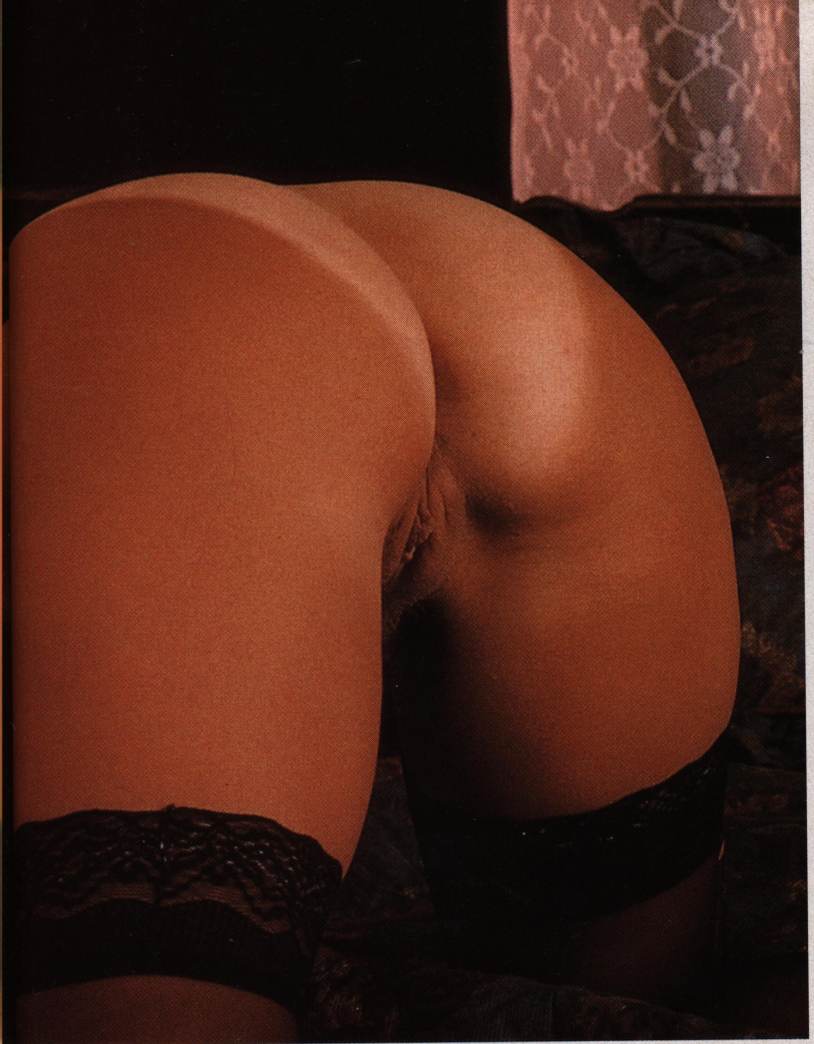


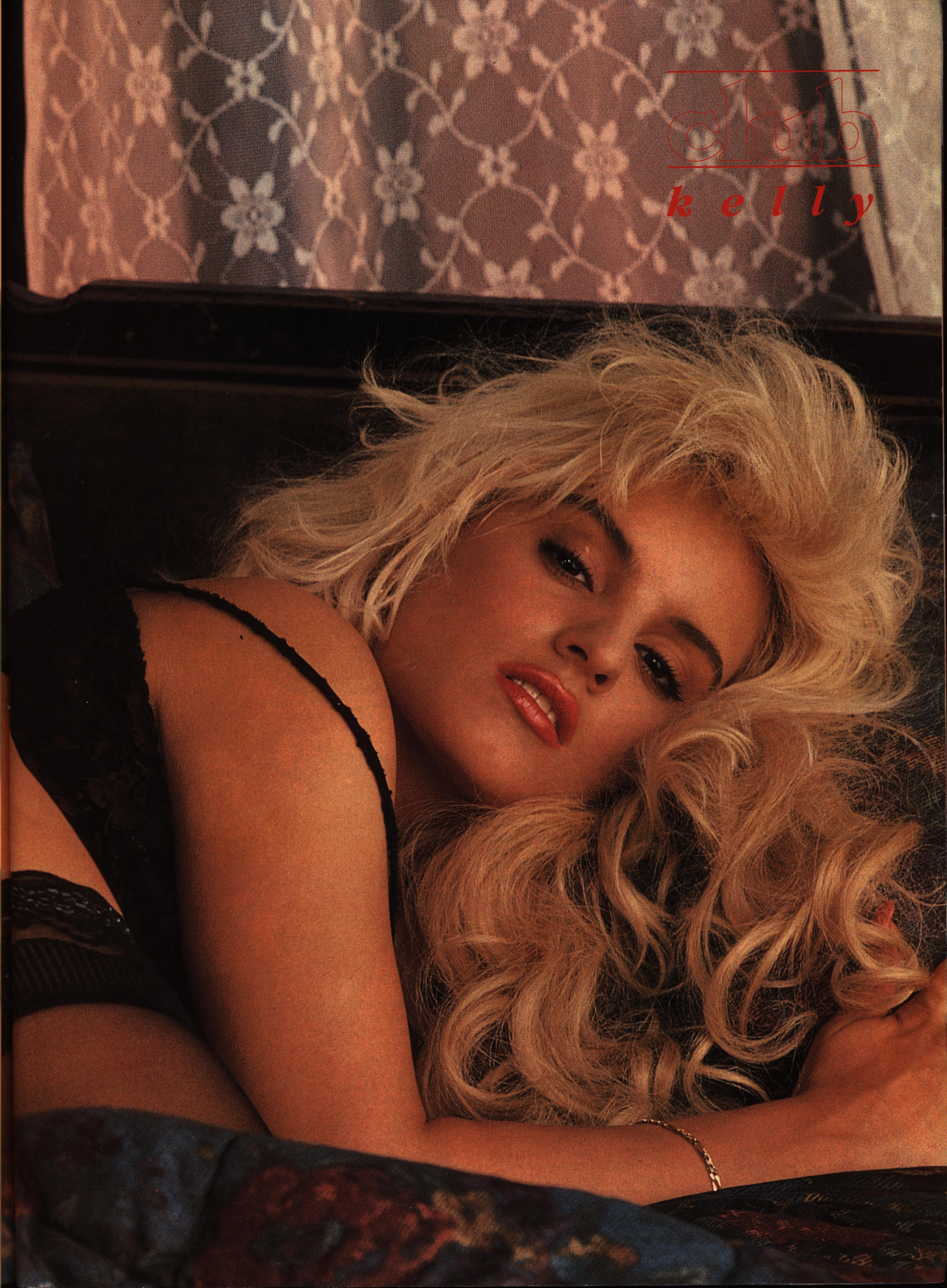
that when I slip out to my local wine bar I can get turned on by admiring glances from both guys and girls. I'm not shy about my sexuality at all; being happy with a prick or a pussy is the easiest way to double your fun!"

Regular readers of Club might like to know that the lucky girl who's currently having the most fun with our cute centrespread is none other than our own regular raver, Ginny!

"We share a flat together

in South London," says 20-year-old Kelly, slowly slipping her shoulder straps down to reveal a pair of smooth breasts. "So when we're feeling sexy and there's no guys around to give us what we need the two of us sneak off to bed and I show her just what a girl can do for another girl. Honestly, Ginny's so innocent — which is more than can be said for me!" ♣




club
kelly

DON'T BUMP THE HUMP

"As Quasidildo, I've always taken a pride in those bells: thanks to me, Notre Dong is the best-hung church in Paris. And when there's a damsel in distress to save, I turn into QuasiRambo." Fiction by Ken Warris.

The clatter of the letter-box woke me from a nightmare where Charles Aznavour was hanging on to my back and wailing in my ear. I staggered out of bed, and he was still up there. No he wasn't. It was just my hump. Thank *merde* for that! At least a hump doesn't sing *Ze Old-Fashioned Way* half a semitone flat.

I opened the envelope and cast my one good eye over the contents. Then it bounced off the wall and I caught it and read the letter:

Cher Monsieur Quasidildo,
With reference to your application to appear on Blind Date, *we regret to inform you . . .*

I suppose I couldn't blame them. Ugly? I make Yasser Arafat look like Michelle Pfeiffer. When I was a baby, the nurse used to put my Cosifits on the wrong end. If my face was an office block, Prince Charles would make speeches about it.

As for women . . . 25 years old I was, but the nearest I'd come to crumpet was the time I caught my tadger in the loop of the bell-rope and fucked my way through the Nine Tailors.

Oh, why am I so ugly? Oh why, why, why?

Oh, *soixante-neuf* it. That's enough for one morning. I loped up to the roof to say hello to the only friends I've got in the world: the gargoyles of Notre Dong Cathedral.

The morning sun gilded the rooftops of Paris till the pigeon-crap glittered like snow. All along the Boulevard Saint Michel, dustmen were hauling away cartloads of condoms from last night's *vive la différence.* The Seine shone like a silver ribbon, polka-dotted with garlic-flavoured turds.

There were four gargoyles ranged along the parapet – each a grotesque demon from the mythologies of long-forgotten civilisations. I knew them all by name.

The first had been born in the sands of the desert. His head was crowned with a mass of curly hair, his eyes were wild and loony. He was a man from the waist up, a camel from the waist down, and there were two parcels of Semtex under his arms. The monster's name was *Kar Nalga Daffi.*

Next came *Mar Gratha Char,* Goddess of Fear. She took the shape of a ravening harpy with outspread wings and talons flexed to slice'n'dice human flesh. A dozen men's heads dangled from her girdle, and her tiny evil eyes were sharp enough to staple a foreskin at 40 paces.

After her was a clownish, man-like creature with popping eyes and drool running from his lips. He was called *Daan Faath Quaal,* and I reckoned he'd come from the shores of the mighty Ganges. Anyway, the uniform on his cringing back was labelled: 'Indian National Guard'.

Finally, the weirdest of the lot. She had the shape of a voluptuous seductress with long, lacquered hair and the face of a nymphet of 17 – that is, till you looked closely. Then you saw that beneath the girlish exterior lurked the face and form of an ancient, withered hag. She was trampling a traffic cop underfoot, and her name was *Zha Zhagabaar.*

I'd just finished saying *bonjour* to them, when suddenly the glorious sound of organ music floated up from the cathedral. The bells have made me deaf, you know, but the mighty thunder of the bishop's Wurlitzer could still penetrate my cauliflower ears. I limped over to a skylight, opened it, and stuck my horrible head through the gap.

The monks of Notre Dong were processing across the marble flags of the nave five hundred feet below me. Dressed in white robes, their heads bowed solemnly, they were a picture of tranquillity and contemplation. I took a healthy sniff of the odour of sanctity: old leather book-bindings, ancient stonework, incense, candles, pussy . . .

Pussy?

I sniffed again. Those fucking bells may have made me deaf, but there's nothing wrong with my other four senses, and my *pomme de terre* of a proboscis can scent a snatch at the far end of the Champs-Elysées. And this was a particularly ripe specimen: a salty, hot, ammoniac brew of long-suppressed lusts and stains on the crotch of a pair of *Directoires.* My misshapen head spun as the *parfum* fuddled my brain, and my trousers swelled so I was carrying a hump in front as well as round the back.

The monks passed out through the arch to the cloisters, till there were only two left in the church. One I recognised as Brother Quentin, a handsome stripling just turned 18. The other was new to me: a short, squat figure, kind of on the plump side to judge by the way his habit bulged at the hips and chest. All at once he took a quick pace forward and grabbed Brother Quentin's wrist.

"I must speak with you," he whispered urgently; the cathedral acoustics amplified his voice so I could hear every word as clear as a bell.

Brother Quentin jumped as if he'd found a foreskin in the font. "What are you doing, you cock-eyed Carthusian?" he gasped. "Don't you know we monks must never touch one another or break our vow of silence?"

The smaller monk stepped back, pulling away the hood of his habit. By the light of the stained-glass windows I made out a pale face with a snub nose and big green eyes fringed by long lashes. His hair was red and tied in a bun at the back. Funny – he didn't have a tonsure in the middle of his scalp. From above, most monks look like the Prince of Wales after an ear-job.

"Oh, Brother Quentin," he sighed with trembling passion. "For weeks I have worshipped you from afar. Last night I could bear it no longer: I disguised myself as a monk and sneaked through the sewers into the cathedral to be near you. Now we will be together for ever and ever!"

Pulling away the cincture at his waist, he gave a wiggle that looked anything but macho, even from five hundred feet overhead. His long white habit fell to the floor.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Well, that's nothing new – there's precious few parts of my horrible face I can believe – but anyway my one good peeper bulged to the size of a tit from the *Folies Bergères.*

There on the flagstones stood a gorgeous gypsy girl, busy shaking out her long red hair and kicking the sandals from bare, shapely feet with bells on the toes. My erection gave a twitch beneath me and I damn near pole-vaulted through the window.

Hot lust flickered in her green eyes as she advanced on the horrified monk. Shuddering breaths made the firm canteloupes of her breasts heave like a heavy swell on the Bay of Biscay. She was wearing a short green jacket embroidered with *fleurs de lis* – it stopped just where knockers met rib-cage – and a broad satin belt with a long strip of green cloth that draped over her crotch and hung down to the floor. At the back, her clenched white arsecheeks jiggled bare with a tight G-string cutting deep between them. Gold glinted at her fingers, ears, neck and ankles. A tambourine hung from a sash across her shoulder.

Illustrations by Paul Sample

"Well, *mon cher* Brother Quentin," she growled huskily. "How are things between your strong, manly thighs? It is smaller than the garden of my uncle, but bigger than the pen of my aunt – *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I, too, would like to know this thing!" roared a voice like thunder from the shadows.

Monk and maiden spun round as the tall, imposing, silver-haired figure of the Abbot of Notre Dong stalked into view. His expression would have made a mullah at a Salman Rushdie benefit lunch look cheery. Behind him trooped the monastic community, all 24 of them, goggling like a gaggle of goldfish with goitre.

"So, Brother Quentin," boomed the Abbot, "the Devil has come for you in female shape, has he? Confess – have you succumbed to temptation? Are you not lusting after her body?"

Brother Quentin's face puckered like he'd just sucked a lemon with a vinegar chaser. "Me? Lust after a woman? The very idea!"

"Prove it, my son."

"Tout de suite, Father." Reaching down, he grabbed the hem of his habit and heaved it up to chest height. The gypsy girl's eyes narrowed and her tongue licked at suddenly dry lips. Between Brother Quentin's legs hung a fine set of tackle as any *joli matelot* could wish to clap eyes on – 8ins. long; pink, chubby and unblemished . . . thing was, it dangled there like an escargot without its shell.

"Bravo, Brother Quentin!" the Abbot cried. "You have been tested in the flames of carnality and retained your innocence. Surely this woman has been sent here by Divine Providence to prove the worth of my community. A word, my son . . ." He whispered in Quentin's ear and the lad went dashing off to the vestry. Meanwhile, the Abbot had the other monks line up facing the gypsy; then he ordered them to lift up the fronts of their habits and tuck them into their belts.

The poor girl reeled as she gawped at the colonnade of cockadoodles. *Sacrebleu, quel* variety! There were long thin ones, short fat ones, snipped ones, muzzled ones, some pale, some tanned, some smooth, some warty . . . She must have felt like a judge at a courgette grower's convention.

Brother Quentin returned carrying a sack, and the Abbot fished out two dozen little brass cow-bells on lengths of pink ribbon. Going along the row of monks, he tied one on to each limp tool, just north of the bulge of the glans.

"Now, wench, you will do as I say," he announced in ringing tones. "If you don't, I'll see to it you spend the rest of your life pricking condoms in a convent. I order you to tempt these monks as no monks have ever been tempted before. Go ahead, *mademoiselle* – start dancing!"

The gypsy looked bewildered, then a naughty smile formed on her foxy face. *"Pourquoi non,* daddy-oh?" she chuckled.

Taking the tambourine from her shoulder, she began to pat it in a slow, regular rhythm. Her hips started swaying to and fro, round and round, while she bent at the knees, sank down and rose up again. Her flat belly bulged out and in and her navel opened and closed in time to the insistent beat. All the time she kept staring the monks in the face – first one, then another and her eyes were so full of mischief I swear I could hear each brother thinking how she deserved to be spanked. I'd have liked the job myself. It would've beaten the *merde* out of ringing bells.

Slowly she raised one leg to hip level, pointing her pretty wriggling toes along the row of monks while the tiny bells on them jingled. I saw the little fat monk at the end of the line gulp painfully, while a dark flush rose on his face.

With an imperious sweep of her hand, the girl tore the long silk strip from her belt and sent it fluttering to the floor. The crotch of her G-string was black satin, embroidered with a little winking eye that was moist with tears from underneath. The concentration of ammonia in the air increased to double strength.

I'd have put every ECU I owned on the little fat monk being the first to crack; but it was the old scrawny sub-prior who came in ahead of the field. Slowly, inexorably, his flaccid prick filled and swelled and reddened. It gave one twitch – then another – and then it rose in the air, and the little cow-bell on its ribbon rose with it.

Ting-a-Ling-a-Ling!

The Abbot pointed sternly to the exit. Hanging his head for shame, the sub-prior slunk down the aisle to the great double doors . . . then he paused, shrugged, turned round and watched the show.

The gypsy strutted up and down in front of the remaining 23 monks, her arsecheeks gyrating like a pair of muffins on springs. There were three silver buttons on her jacket. First one popped, then another, revealing the sort of cleavage that would have given a high-diver vertigo. Strangled moans sounded from between clenched teeth . . . then the third button went and out the titties tumbled, big

continued on page 126

"You're in luck – they haven't got down to the real bullshit yet. They're still only talking bullshitese."

GLORIA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN GUNN

Worksop in winter can be a reet gloomy place, where the flat cap is a sexual enhancement device and black puddings are a girl's best friend. Small wonder, then, that young Gloria here (38-24-36), decided to hop the first available Intercity flyer down to Raymond Towers and take advantage of the new Gas Economy 7 wallheaters we've just had installed. Of course, it's just another means by which we lure exotic young models into our photographers' studios, but as you can clearly see a reet good northern girl is never happy unless she's wet, cold and bloody miserable.

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and round and rosy with a pair of *marrons glacés* quivering at the tips.

Ting-a-Ling . . .!

and *a-Ling! . . .*

and another *Ling!*

Three more turgid monks headed for the exit. And another half-dozen were in pretty dire straits by now. Sweat was running down their faces in rivulets, and their chests were heaving like bellows.

The green jacket slid to the floor. Now the girl stood on tip-toe so she could brush her hard nipples against the faces of the brothers, one by one. After that she turned her back, bent over and started whacking herself across the arse with her tambourine till the white cheeks turned a pretty shade of pink.

Her other hand slipped slyly to the little satin bow that held the G-string in place; her fingers poised like a snake about to strike . . . then she whipped the triangle of cloth away, opening her legs as wide as they'd go and grinning upside-down at the monks from between them. The tambourine jingled like crazy as she shook it roughly against the wide-open lips of her hot, dripping, burgundy-coloured cunt.

Eight more Carthusians gave at the knees, and . . .

The Bells! The Bells!

"Enough!" the Abbot roared as the disgraced brothers lurched down the aisle. "A dozen of my flock have been found wanting, but the rest have proved themselves true members of the Moral Majority. Rejoice! Rejoice! Now go, girl, and never darken the portals of Notre Dong again!"

The gypsy picked up her clothes, bobbed her head and titties obediently, and scampered toward the door. Before she could reach it, 12 ex-monks had moved to bar her way. She gaped at them in alarm.

By the *pissoires* of Pigalle, they were a formidable sight. Their eyes were rolling and their nostrils quivering like racehorses at the finish of the *Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.* Twelve teak-hard tools quivered and pointed at the girl; she was standing to the north of them, but they were the ones with the Magnetic Poles.

"Bonjour, ma petite morceau de derrière," the sub-prior snarled. *"Aimez-vous* rumpty-tumpty?"

His hands and prick reached out eagerly. The gypsy let out a squawk and ran for the bell-tower, hurtling through the door just six inches ahead of the nearest tadger-tip. The tambourine clattered abandoned to the ground.

Brother Quentin bent down to pick it up. Just then, a chance gust of wind blew in from the cloister, lifted the back of his cassock and bared his hard, hairy arse.

The 12 moral monks goggled, and . . .

Ting-a-Ling-a-Ling . . .

I tell you, that was Brother Quentin's cue to make a crisp exit. Squealing delightedly, the brothers pursued him while the Abbot let out a hollow groan, sank to his knees and buried his head in his hands.

I didn't stay to see any more. When there's a damsel in distress to save, Quasidildo turns into QuasiRambo. My blood was up, though not as far as my dick. I scurried across the roof in my usual lop-sided lope, clambered over the parapet and iumped across the five-hundred-foot drop to the window of the bell tower. As I heaved myself in, the gypsy streaked up the stairs like a pink tornado, with the dirty dozen hard on her heels. I took up the rear. I also looked up *her* rear, and my hump started thumping like a young man's heart.

Fifty feet above, the stairs opened on to the entrance to the belfry. There my beautiful bells hung from their stout oaken beams. I've always taken a pride in those bells: thanks to me, Notre Dong is the best-hung church in Paris.

By the time I lumbered through the door, the girl had run as far as she could go. She was up on the beam that supports the biggest bell, with her back against the belfry wall. The randy monks were on their hands and knees, crawling toward her in single file along the beam. Six thick throbbing dicks stuck down on each side of the wooden spar. It suddenly dawned on me that they looked just like 12 overstarched bell-ropes.

You're way ahead of me, *n'est-ce pas?*

Faster than the wind from Le Petomaine's sphincter, I leaped into space with my misshapen hands outstretched. Taking a firm grip, I swung myself along the line of monks like Tarzan crossing the jungle.

"The balls!" I roared. *"The balls!"*

I've made some music in the bell-tower in my time, but never like the peal I rang that day. Howl? Pavarotti would have been proud of the high C's those brothers hit. Back and forth I swung, over and over again, till 12 torrents of white-hot cum were spurting down the shaft of the tower to spatter the flagstones below. When every tool was limp I leaped up on to the beam,

continued on page 128

DON'T BUMP THE HUMP

The gypsy girl's eyes narrowed and her tongue licked at suddenly dry lips. But Brother Quentin's tackle just dangled there like an escargot without its shell.

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DON'T BUMP THE HUMP

The crotch of her G-string was black satin, embroidered with a little winking eye that was moist with tears from underneath . . .

continued from page 126

threw the gypsy girl over my shoulder and headed back down the stairs. Behind me, a dozen groaning Carthusians lay green-faced and puking. *They'd* never have any trouble with their vows of chastity again!

I didn't stop till I was back on the roof with my friends the gargoyles. Then I lowered the naked wench on to her back and stood over her, wondering what *l'enfer* to do next.

She gazed up at me with tears of gratitude in her eyes. "My hero," she moaned.

"Eh?"

"You saved me from a fate worse – oh, worse even than the *Eurovision Song Contest,*" breathed the girl. "Now it is fit that you claim your reward, *monsieur.* But I do not know your name."

"Quasidildo," I croaked, while my balls throbbed so hard they seemed to be climbing up my throat.

The gypsy girl opened her arms. I fell into them. Then she opened her mouth, and her snaky tongue got acquainted with my dental work.

What else did she open? Well, to my fevered eye it made the Channel Tunnel look like a wormhole by comparison.

"But surely," I spluttered, "surely one as beautiful as you cannot care for a misshapen monster like me? Are you not disgusted by the sight of unspeakable ugliness?"

"Mais non," she laughed, slipping my throbbing French loaf out of my trousers and nibbling at it with the hot lips of her saturated cunt. "Why, I watch *Roseanne* every single week!"

Cool fingers palpated my balls as I stirred and stirred at her fabulous *pot au feu.* My head disappeared between her creamy tits. The bells have made me deaf, you know – or was it the two earfuls of trembling flesh? Anyway, she had to ask her next question twice.

"Quasidildo isn't your whole name, is it? Aren't you called anything else?"

"I was christened Henri," I explained between pelvic thrusts. "My friends all call me Harry the Hump."

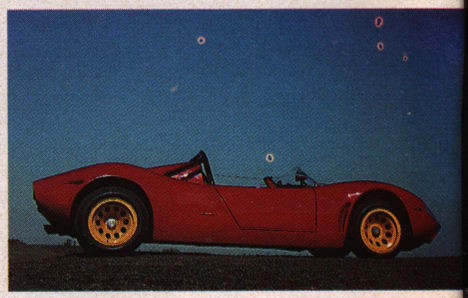
I was fucking hard and fast now, crushing her arse against the lead of the rooftop. All at once I felt the muscles inside her love-shaft go into spasm, and she clung to me feverishly as shudder after shudder ran through her panting body.

"Oh, thank you, 'Arry! Thank you, 'Arry!" she yammered.

"Don't you mean 'sanctuary, sanctuary'?"

"I know what I mean."

whizzarrini



was assembled by the new owner of the Bizzarrini company, Diamonte, and modified for road use.

It would take a brave person on a race track to unstick and lose this car. The excellent safe brakes bring the huge performance of the 450bhp V8 under control. Top speed with the Le Mans gearing is 190mph with 0-60 mph in under five seconds. This race car is for sale in California; the expected price at auction is $500,000.

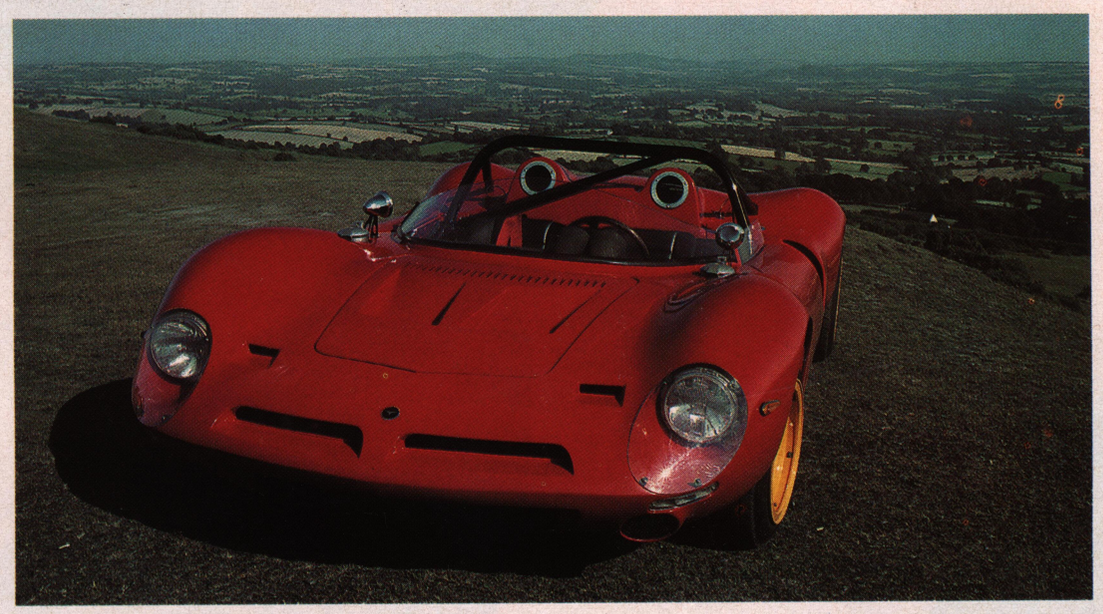
This street legal racing car is one of only three ever produced by Giotto Bizzarrini. Giotto loved racing cars and is best known for his two great achievements while working at Ferrari and Lamborghini. He was the chief creator and designer of the fabulous Ferrari GTO, and at Lamborghini he designed their V12 engine.

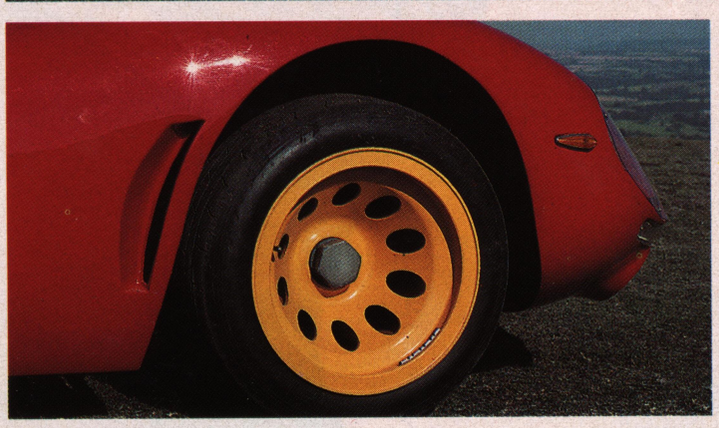
At Isa Ribolta he was the chassis engineer, but left when he got bored. Rivolta gave him enough parts to build his first car, which was the Iso-Bizzarrini Grifo road race car. Giotto put the Grifo A3C into limited production. There were good orders for the car and it became successful in motor racing in 1964 and 1965.

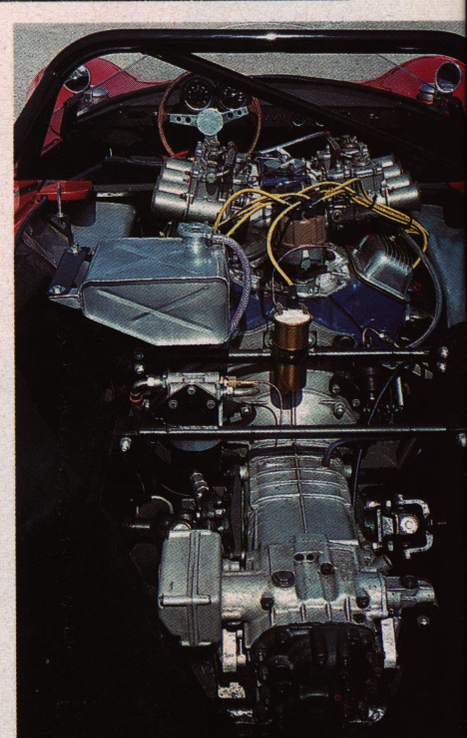
In 1966 Giotto designed the Bizzarrini P538. This space-framed chassis sports racer was built for endurance racing. It has a 450bhp Chevrolet V8 engine with a five-speed German ZF gearbox similar to the GT 40 Ford.

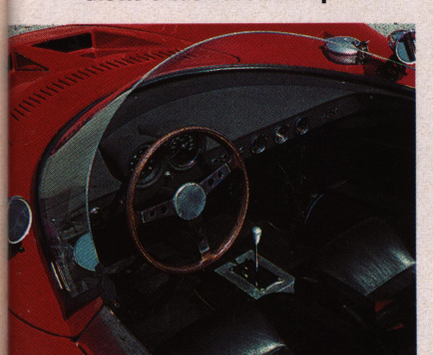
The P538 racing debut at Le Mans was a failure. It spun at the mass start and retired with steering and chassis problems within half an hour. Before the car was sorted out the motor racing rules were changed and it never raced again.

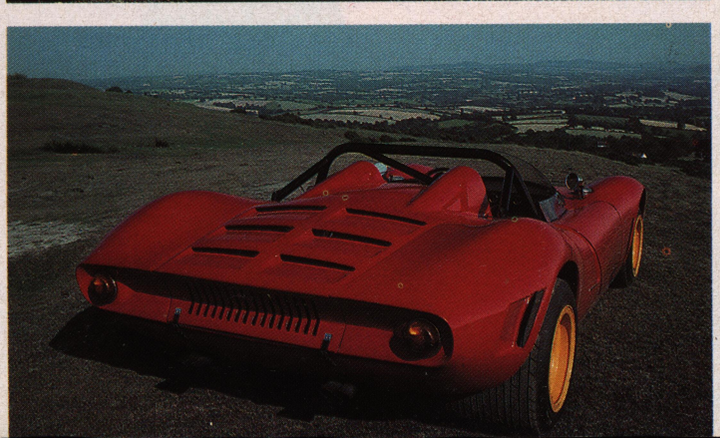
The car in the photos is the third and last car built after Giotto's business collasped. It











PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Lara

Working as a barmaid can turn you frigid! Well, gets you all confused, anyway. After two years behind the bar, Lara found she just couldn't relax in bed. If her man asked her to open up, she went into pub mode and started cleaning his glasses. If he suggested a long slow screw, she'd fill his mouth with booze and shake his head until his eyes rattled. And when he mentioned that she wasn't pulling pints now, she'd grab his erection and pump it until his scrotum was full of beer . . .

I exaggerate, but you get the picture. So she looked for work that would let her think about sex all day and booze at night. Modelling does the job. Trouble now is that if the barman suggests a long slow screw, he ends up on his back in the sawdust with his trousers down . . .

I exaggerate, but you get the picture (37-23-36).

MEET THE WIVES

Her name's Pat, and we're certainly tempted to. The Cheshire butcher's wife has a tender rump anyone would enjoy sinking their teeth into. It's mustard!

Julie from Bristol insists on making love with at least six inches — of snow. The West Country wench likes to slope off for a bit of passion on the piste, and can't wait for the next good layer!

MEET THE WIVES

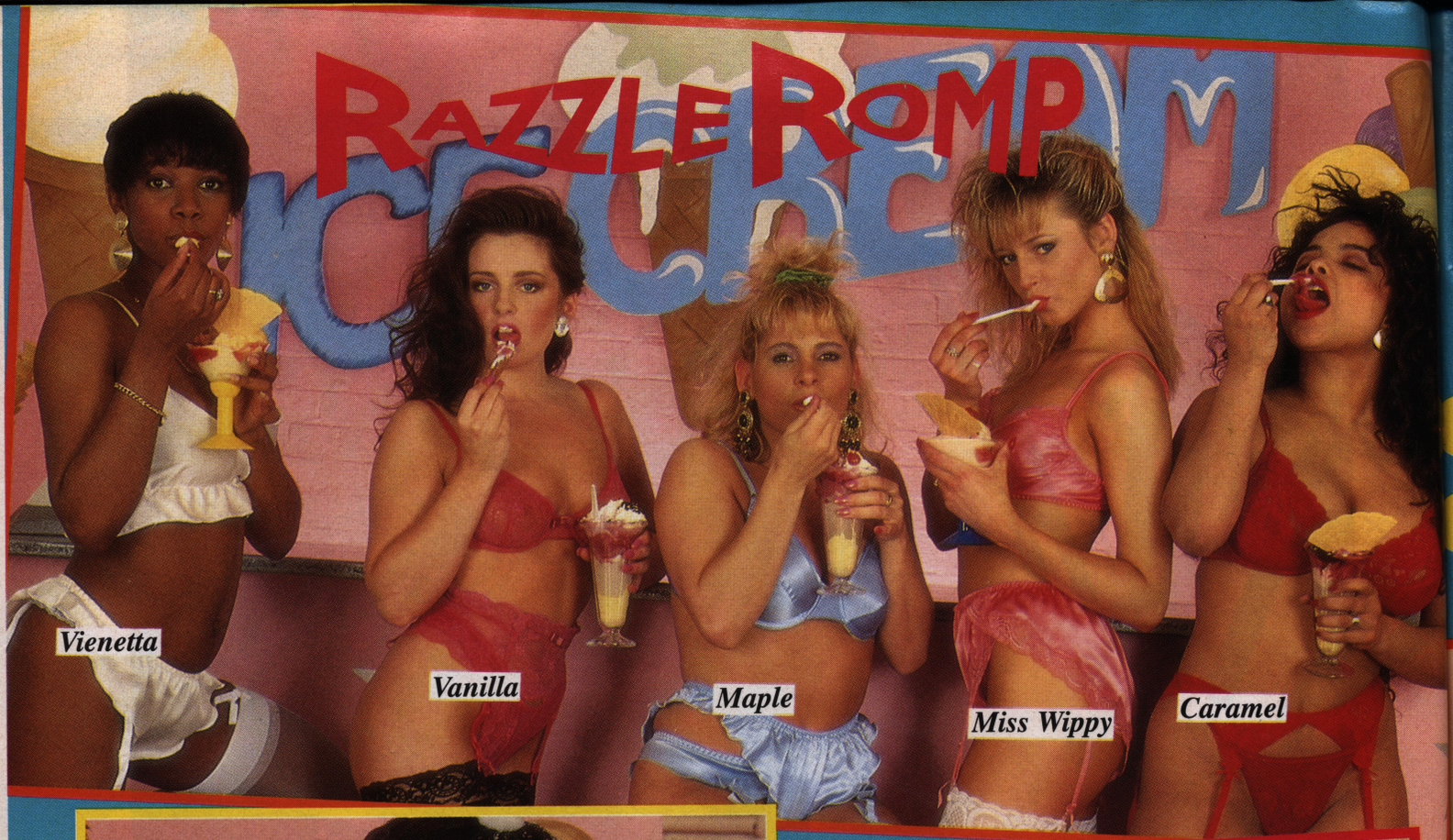
Kim will do anything to make it big! The 19-year-old from Sleaford would like to take on a big part in a blue movie. Now there's a thought to turn Lincoln green!

Always open and ready to serve, that's Southend shop girl Sandra's motto! The 30-year-old fancies fucking with three other girls. Then, like her prices, everything comes down and nothing goes up!

Vida

Vida, 34-25-37, 23, Newcastle. Last time we saw this one, she was a blonde who had her elsewheres shaved; when asked about her new hair policy, she winked and said: "Everyone fancies a change sometimes."

RAZZLE ROMP



Ice Cream Crackers!

Our Rompers are Flavour of the Month

There was cold comfort for our five flavourites when they set off on the rocky road to the ice cream parlour.

"The cornets are on me!" cried Vanilla, and how right she was as her fellow Lyons maids dolloped a couple of scoops right in her big cones. But her revenge was sweet.

"How about a double portion of raspberry nipple?" she suggested, splattering her saucy friend Maple's mega-cornettos. "Afterall it is a sundae!"

"What are you laughing at, Caramel?" Maple demanded of her dark satin-skinned friend, her strawberry cups melting and dribbling down towards her fruity tooty! "Now bend over and say ninety-nine."

"Ooooh!" she yelped as Miss Wippy slapped six of her best soft cornets on Caramel's bare brown bottom and found a good place for the Flake! No wonder she creamed herself! Then exotic Italian beauty Viennetta wanted a slice of the action, and soon our five were having a feast writhing within these Walls.

After a few minutes the girls were desperate for a mouthful themselves but the only guy about was the ice cream man.

"Hey, Mister Softee!" shouted Vanilla slipping a finger into her snatch. "Boy, I could cure your problem! Do you fancy a lick?"

"You can have my cherry if you like," added Maple. "Oh no, I seem to have lost it!"

"Yeah, I fancy a shot of your sauce too!" cried Viennetta.

"Sorry, love, it's run out," replied the ice cream man. "I've got crushed nuts."

RAZZLE ROMP

RAZZLE ROMP

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